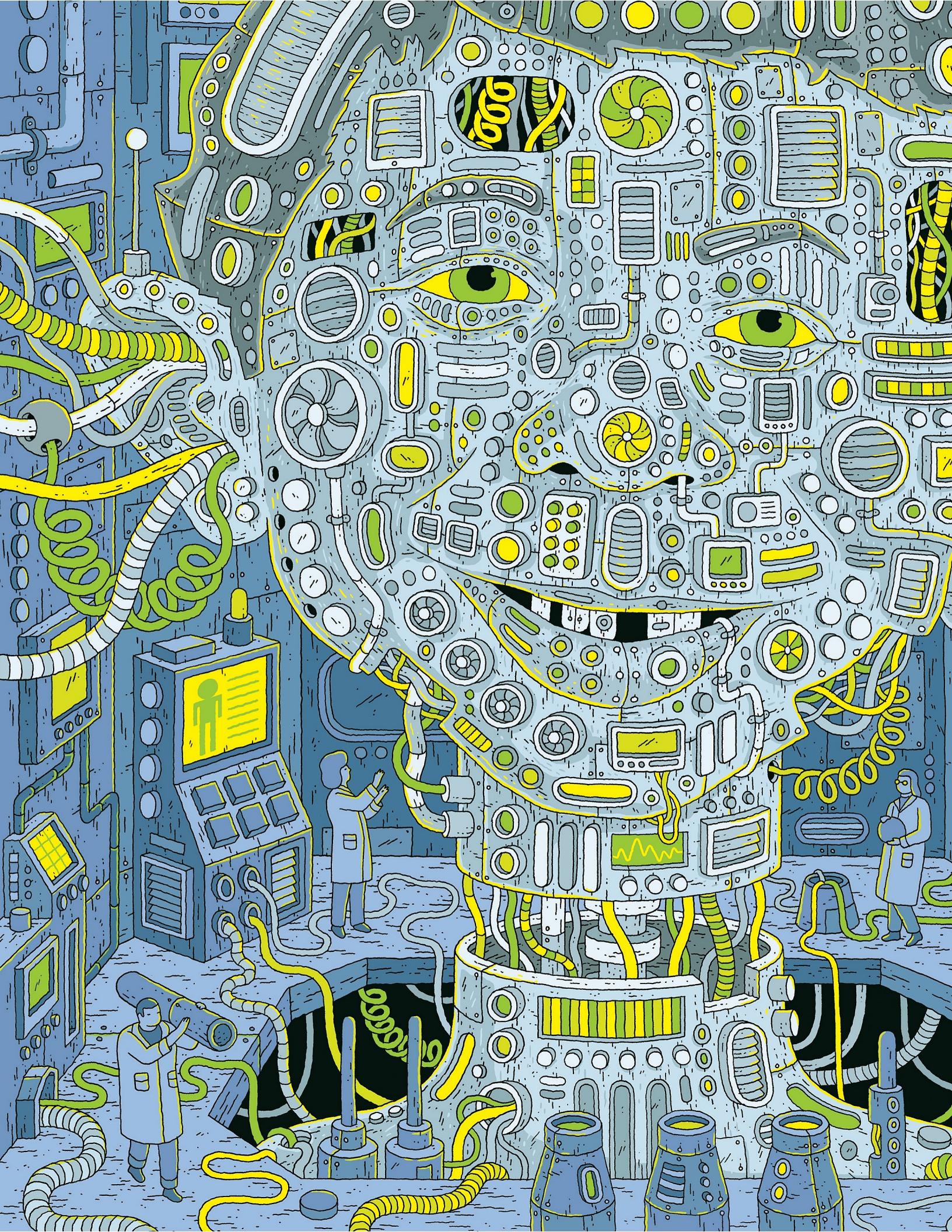


ARTIFICIALLY (UN)INTELLIGENT

MAD





MAD

NO. 41 FEBRUARY 2025

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER

SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR

BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots

EDITORIAL CONSULTANT Paula Sevenbergen

INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson

VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragónés

COVER ARTIST Mark Fredrickson

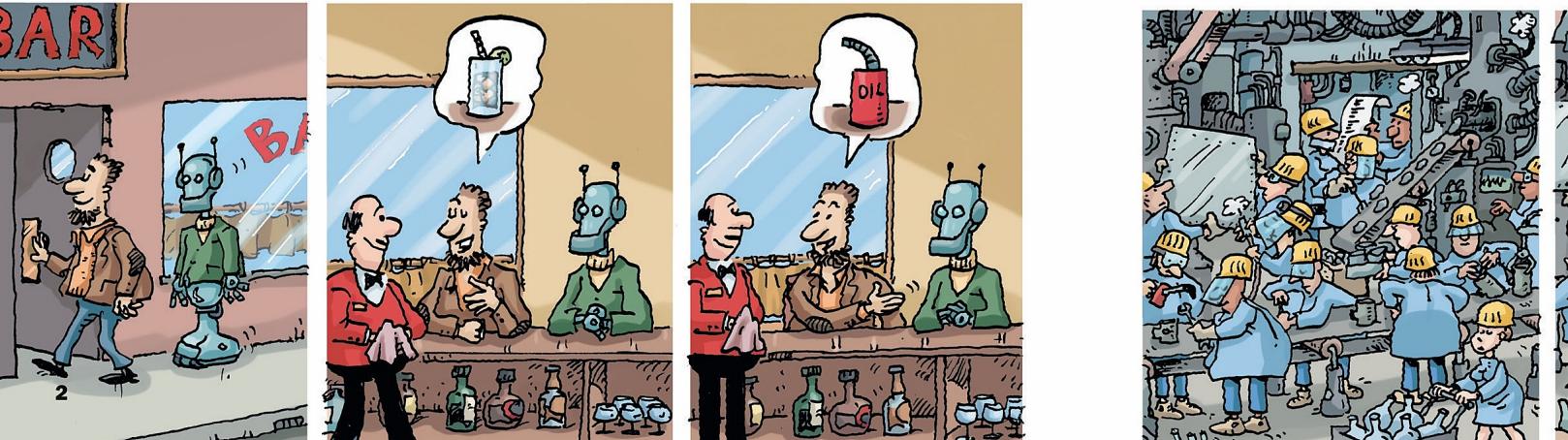
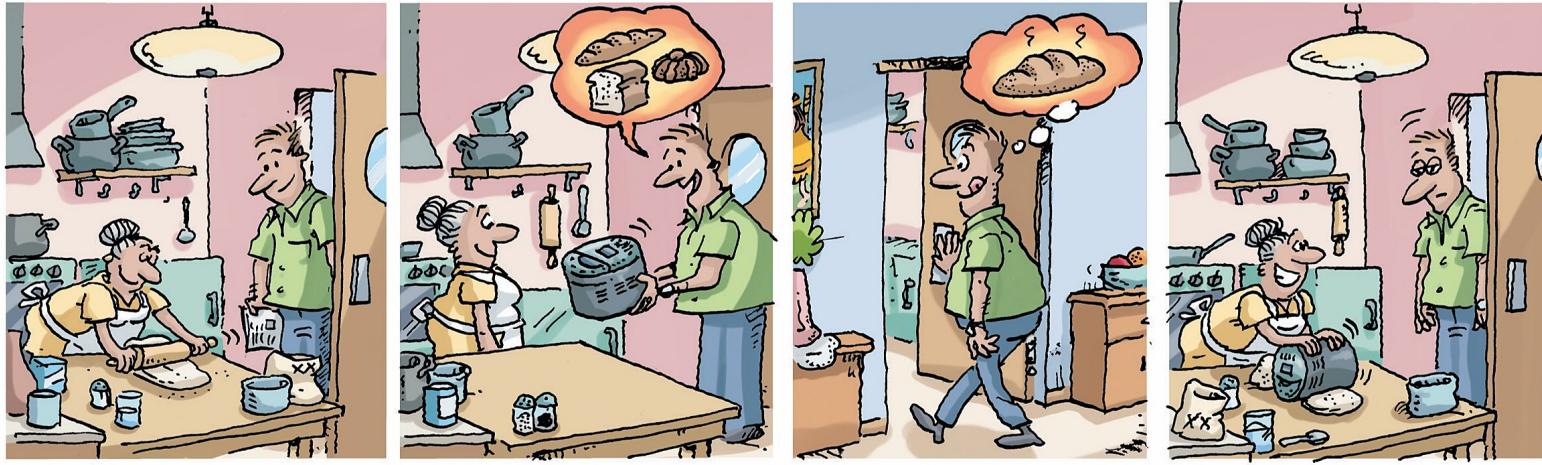
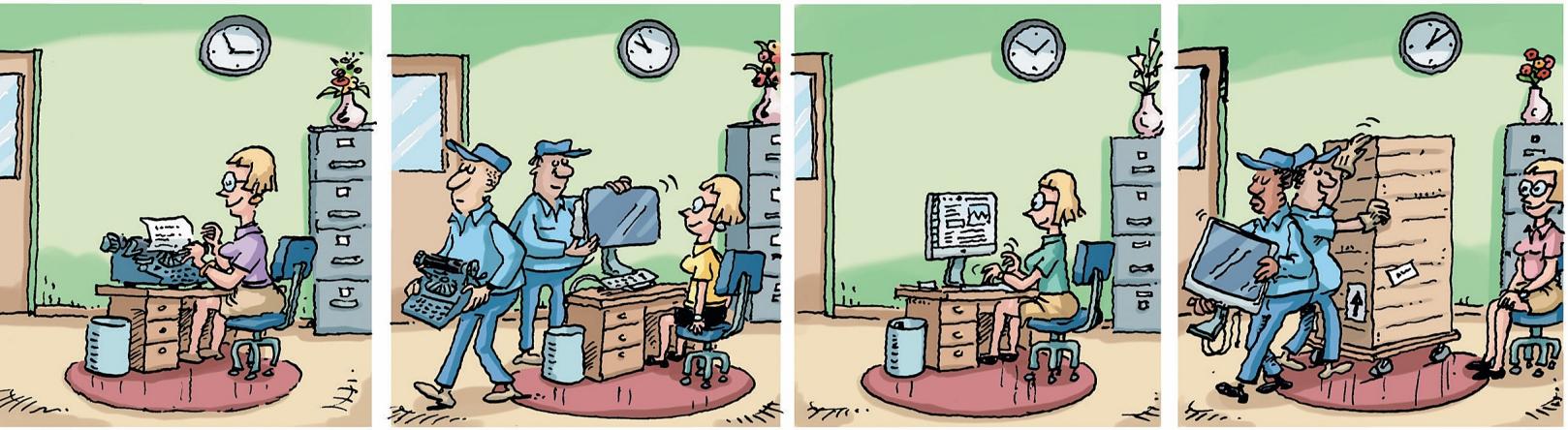
The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.



SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

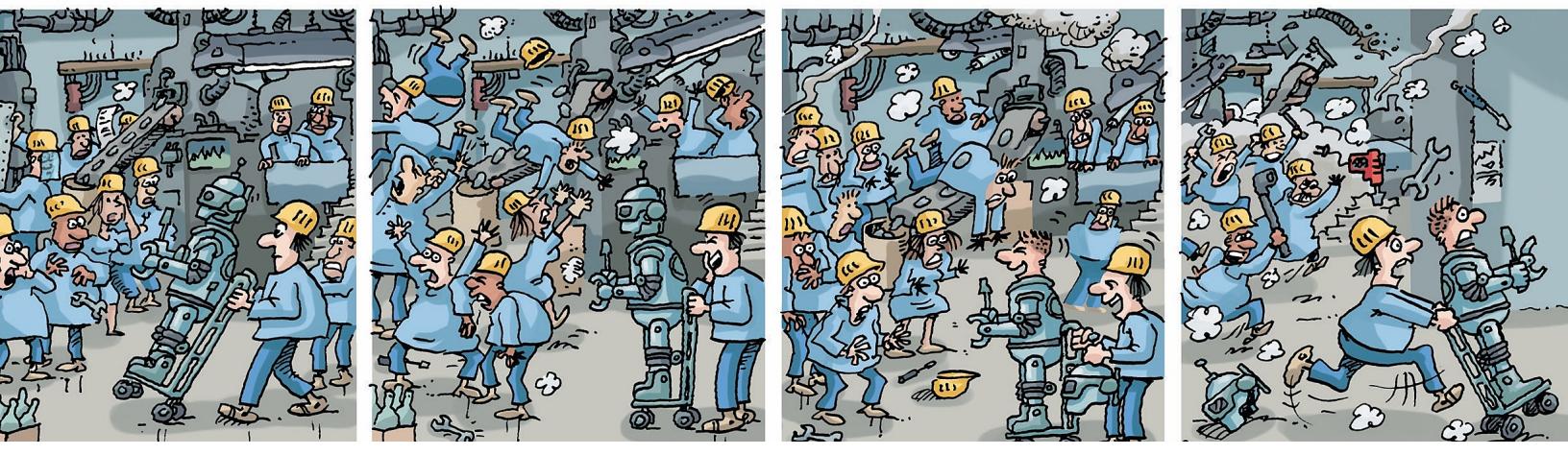
SERGIO
ARAGONÉS
PRESENTS...

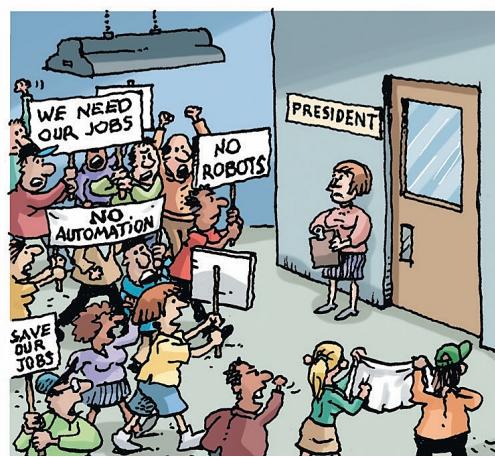
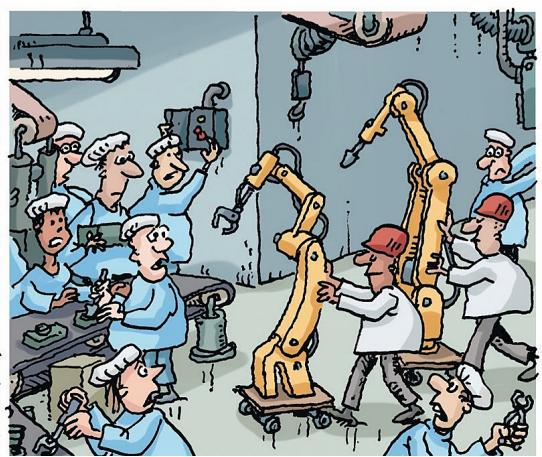
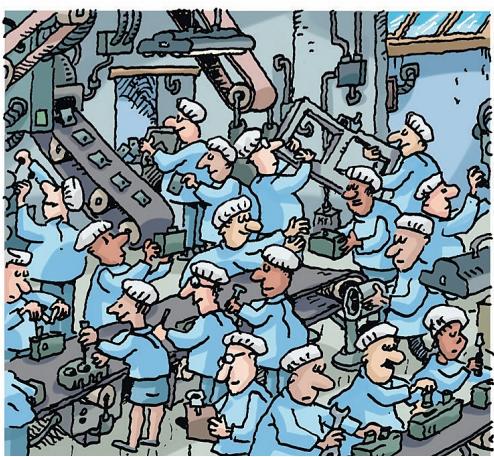
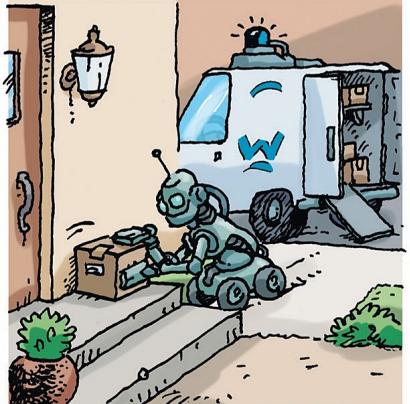
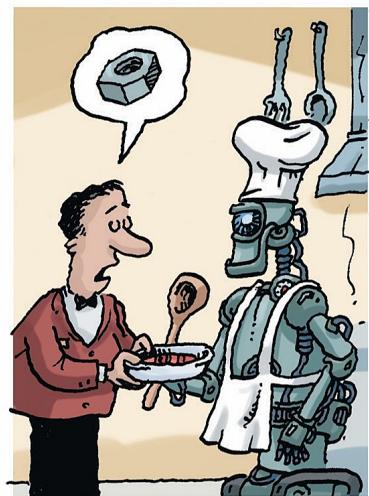
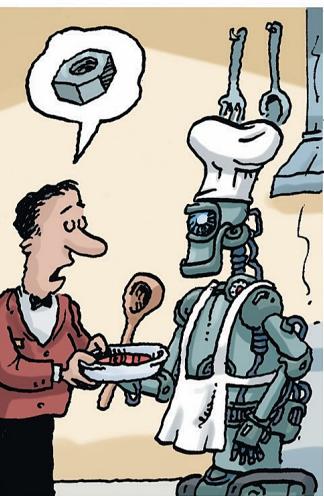
A MAD LOOK A

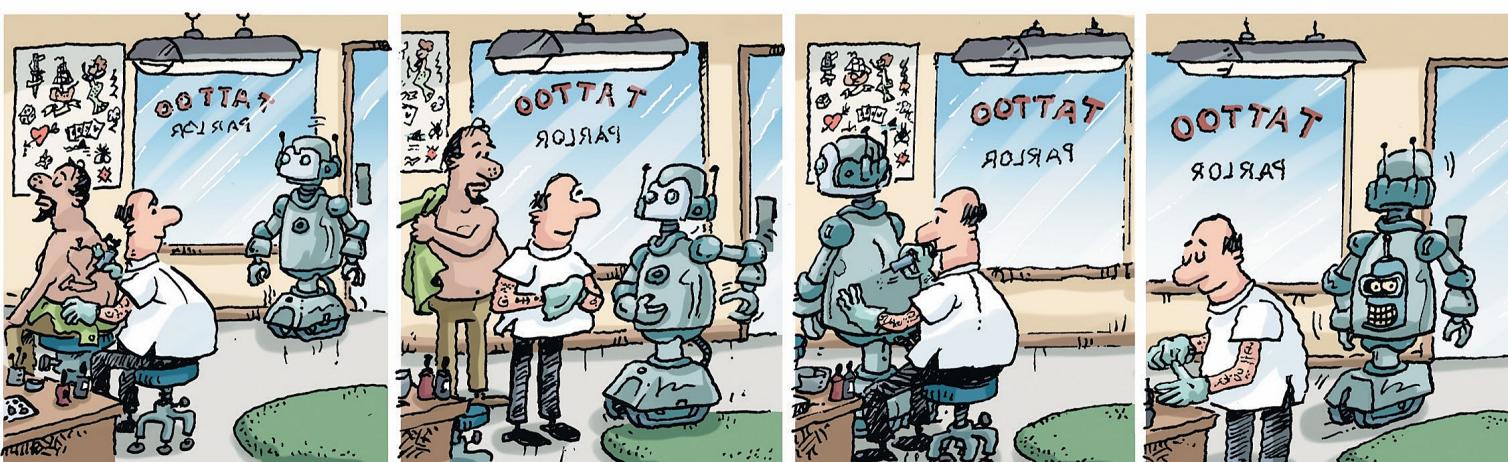
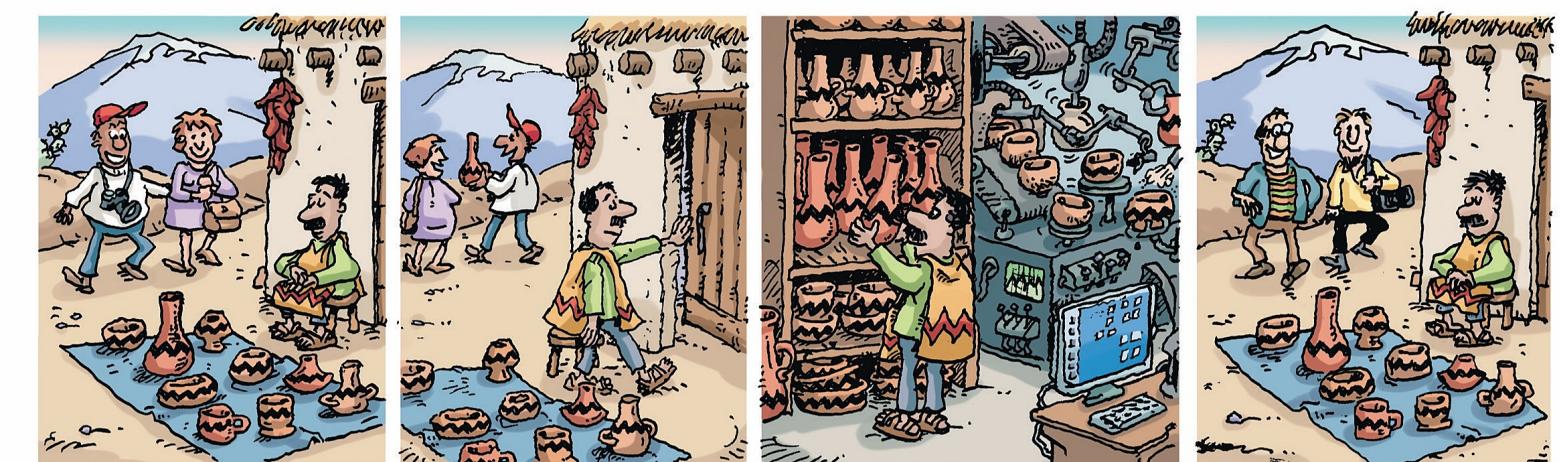
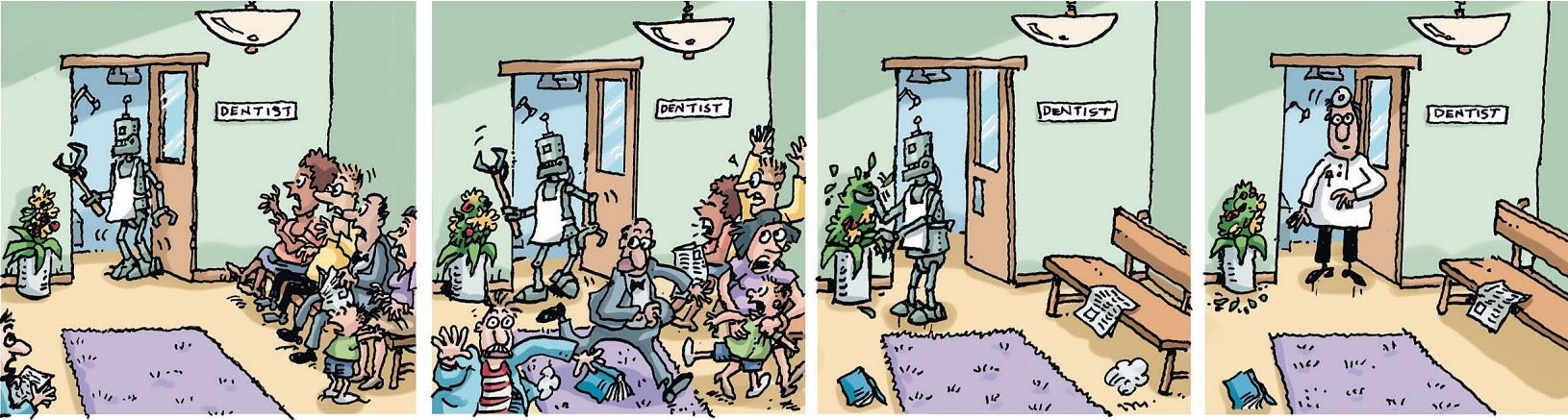




WRITER & ARTIST SERGIO ARAGONÉS COLORIST CARRIE STRACHAN









We're told that the most miraculous thing about computers is their ability to store and feed back real miracle is that not one of the millions of facts they have stored away is the correct spelling of hours and hours trying to correct the garble spewed out by some crazed silicon chip, we are beginning to wonder.

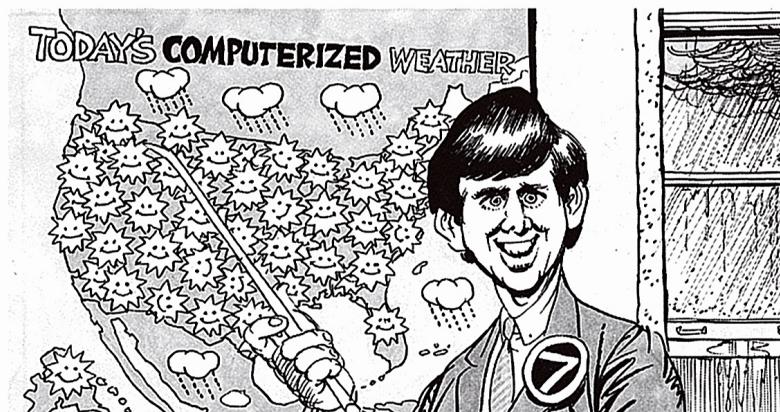
IF COMPUTERS ARE



...why do they assume you want to receive 800 identical copies of the same mail order catalogue?



...why do they spread the word that you're responsible for all of the 1983 and 1984 parking tickets issued to a car that you sold in 1981?



...why does the increasing amount of information they spew out to TV weathermen only make the forecasts more inaccurate?



...how come they're always telling you that you're making an error, but they can never tell you what it is?



...what is their logic in letting 14,000 murders go unsolved while they devote full time to nailing you on some old traffic warrant?



...why do they blithely pass along a ridiculous meter reading that makes your monthly electric bill higher than the one for Yankee Stadium?

ack millions of bits of information. But in MAD's opinion, that's not the most miraculous thing about computers. The of our name, or our accurate address, or a single smidgen of data about us that is completely right! As each of us wastes bound to wonder how that much stupidity can be produced with such unfailing regularity. Thus, we ask...

WE'RE SO BRILLIANT...

WRITER TOM KOCH ARTIST GEORGE WOODBRIDGE



...why can't they report your correct wages to the I.R.S., especially when it's a known fact that the I.R.S. will always believe a computer and assume the taxpayer is lying?



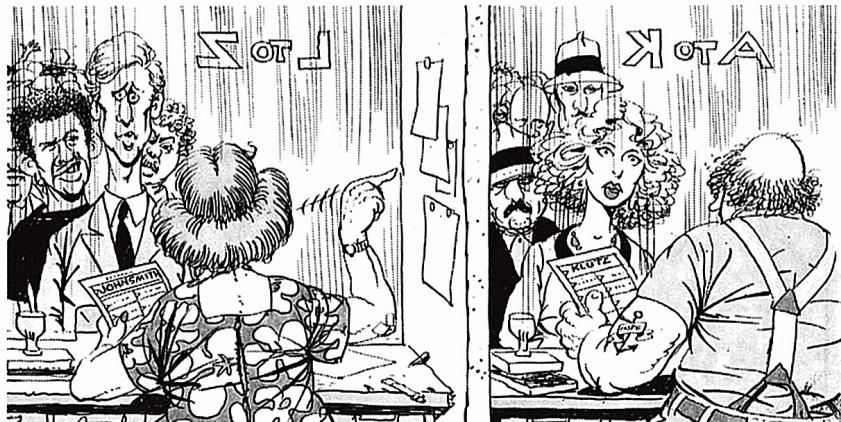
...why can't they find someone to write a computer instruction manual who knows how to put together a simple sentence?



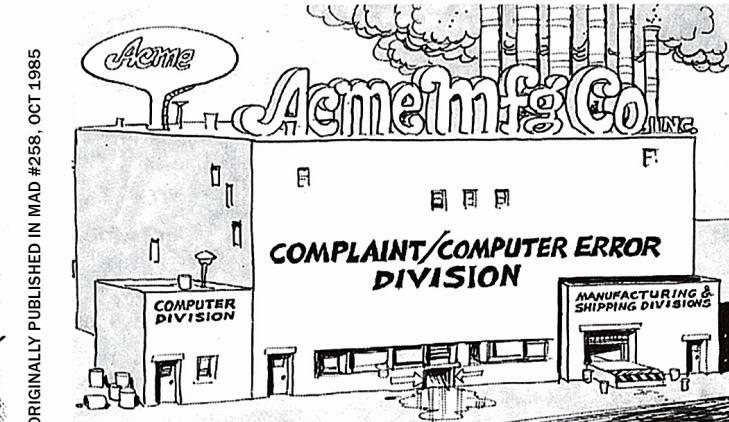
...why do they invariably select the phone numbers of the elderly, the unmarried and the childless to receive their annoying calls about diaper service?



...how do they figure that your bank balance could have dropped from \$1,854 to \$18.54 during a month you didn't make any withdrawals?



...why do they insist that "JOHNSMITH" is all one word, and must be alphabetized under "J" until its poor owner gets around to acquiring a first name?



...why do companies that install them immediately have to hire lots of extra employees just to correct computer errors?

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #258, OCT 1985



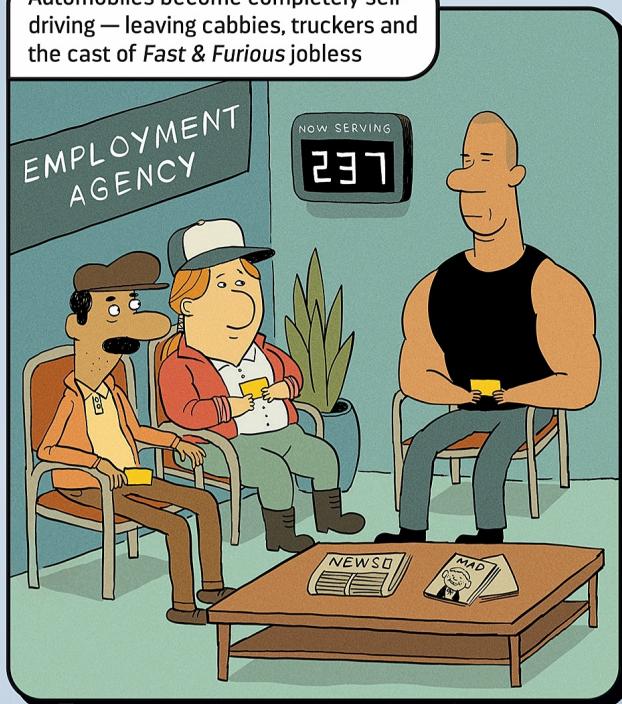
A.I. JUST WORK HERE DEPT.

With robots working in factories, hospitals and even police departments — *somebody* has to detonate those bombs — many say that the future of job automation is already here. But in the years to come, we'll see advances that will make our current sci-fi dystopia seem positively quaint! Don't believe us? Just tell your cybernetic butler to read you this piece we like to call...

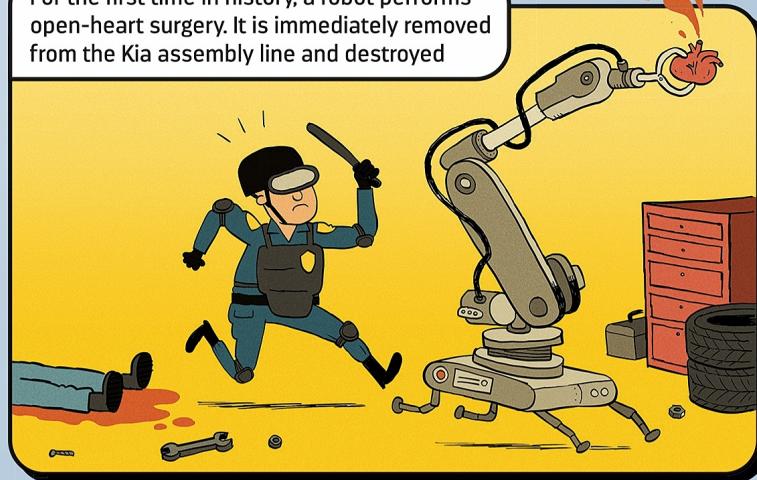
THE FUTURE OF

2019

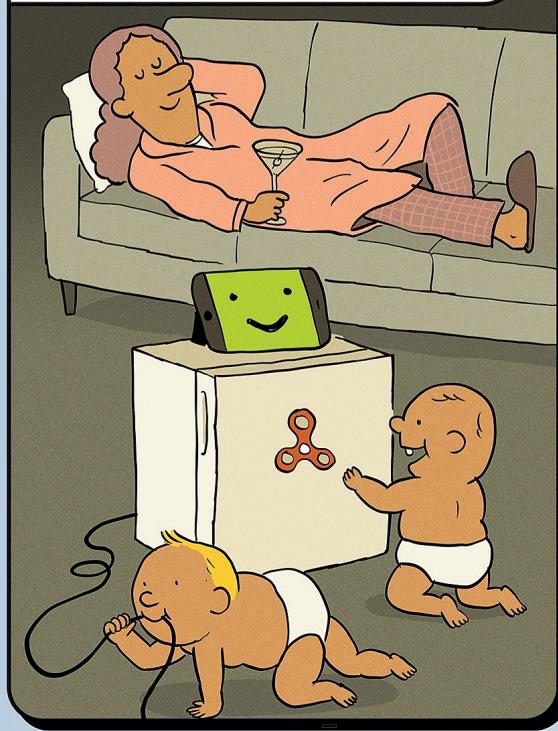
Automobiles become completely self-driving — leaving cabbies, truckers and the cast of *Fast & Furious* jobless

**2024**

For the first time in history, a robot performs open-heart surgery. It is immediately removed from the Kia assembly line and destroyed

**2022**

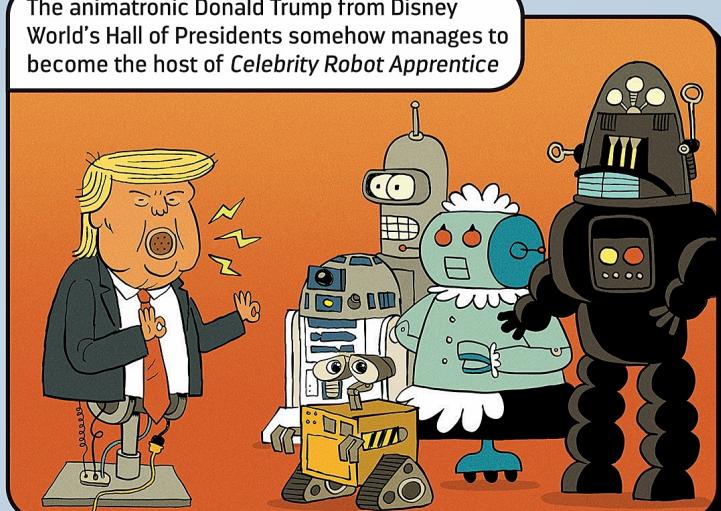
Childcare is revolutionized with the advent of the Robo-Nanny. Sure, it's just a mini-fridge, an iPad and a fidget spinner welded together — but, man, does it keep the kids out of your hair!

**2025**

McDonald's staff becomes fully automated — leading to higher profits, shorter wait times and a dramatic uptick in customers finding lugnuts in their Big Macs

**2028**

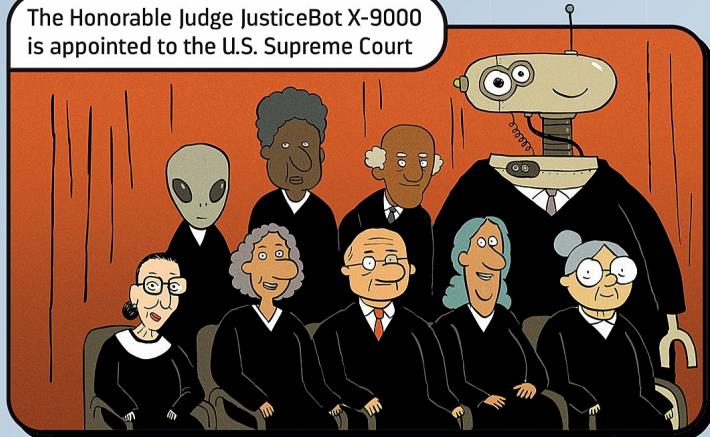
The animatronic Donald Trump from Disney World's Hall of Presidents somehow manages to become the host of *Celebrity Robot Apprentice*



JOB AUTOMATION

2032

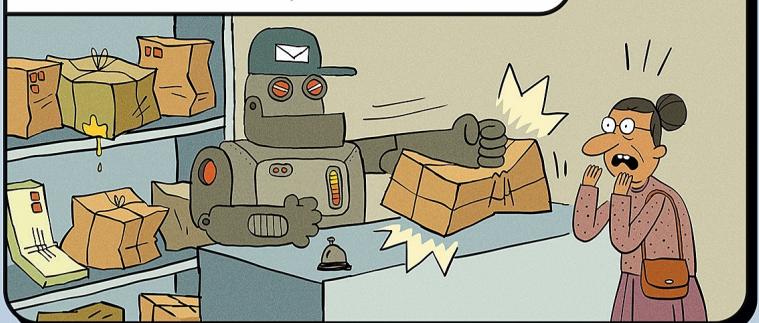
The Honorable Judge JusticeBot X-9000 is appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court



2038

WRITER KENNY KEIL ARTIST JOHN MARTZ

The U.S. Postal Service introduces The Demolisher, an automaton capable of destroying fragile packages with 10 times the efficiency of a human mail carrier



2033

Human police officers are replaced with patrol drones, resulting in some of the weirdest episodes of *Law & Order* yet



2039

For the first time in baseball history, a robot plays in the World Series. Unfortunately, its settings accidentally get switched from "Pitcher" to "Belly Itcher" in the seventh inning, resulting in a devastating upset



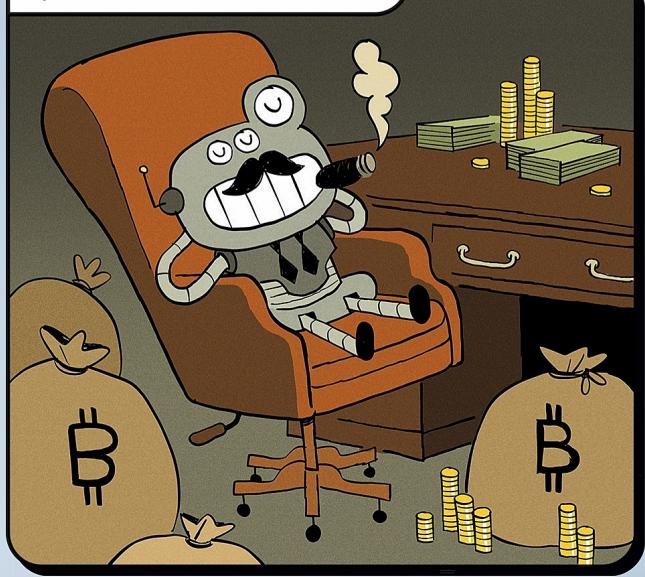
2036

Starbucks develops a robotic barista that can misspell up to 120 customer names per hour



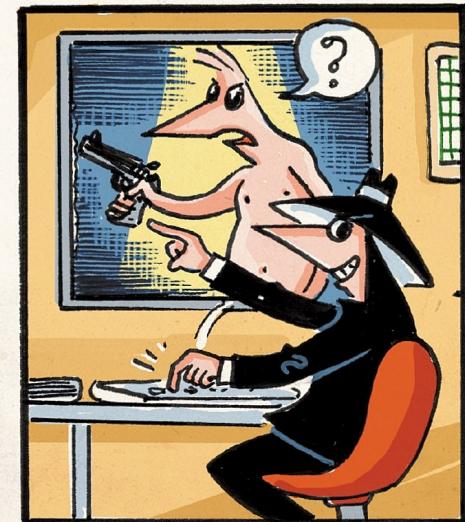
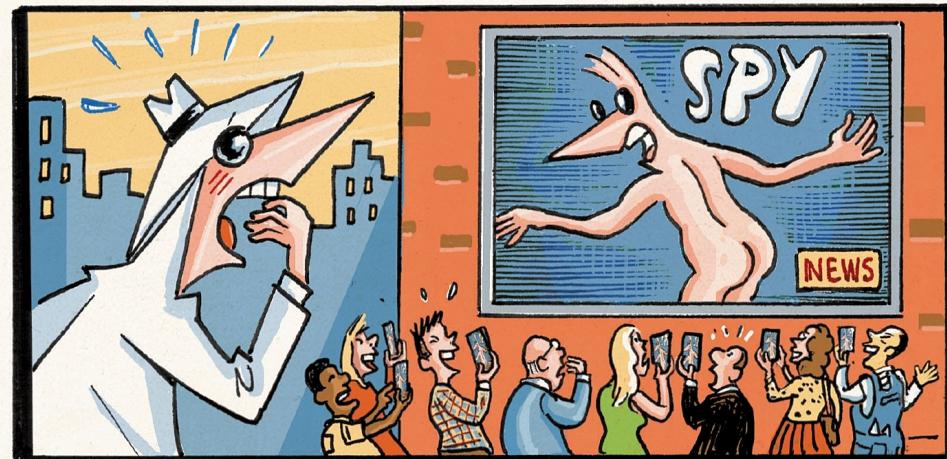
2043

Millions of robot workers are laid off by the world's first-ever robot CEO

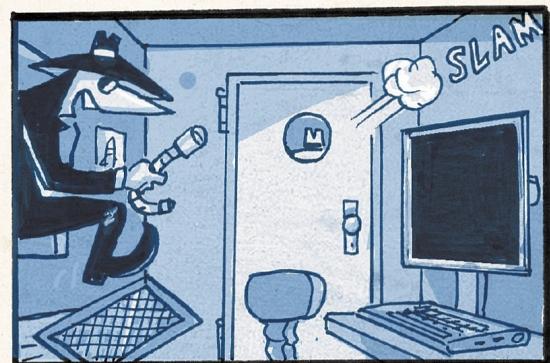
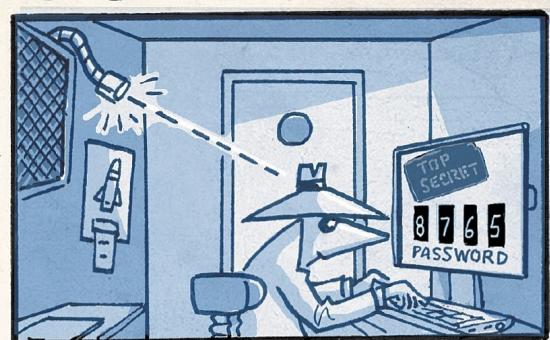
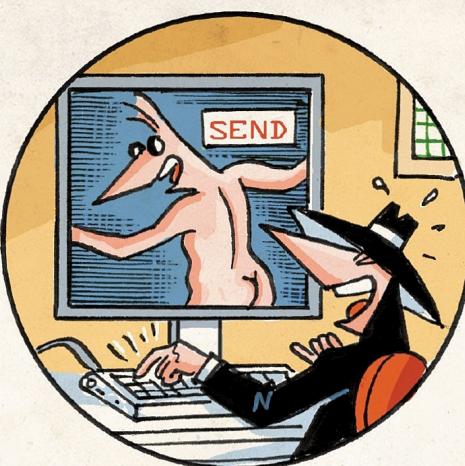
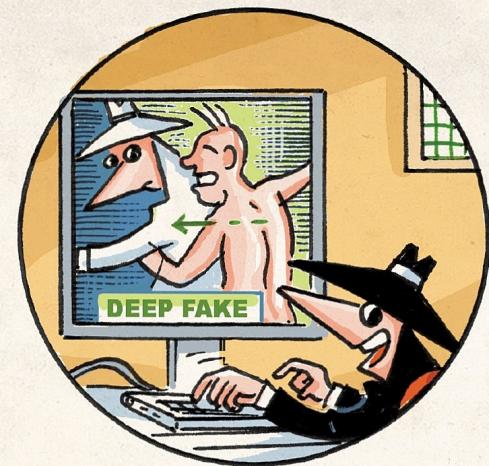




A.I.



SPY VS SPY





MeANWHile...

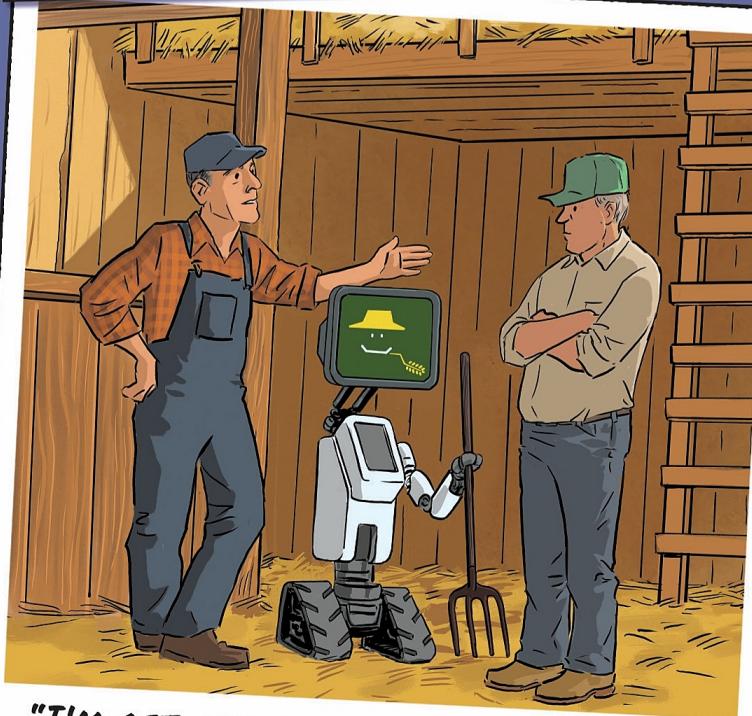
WRITER IAN BOOTHBY
ARTIST PIA GUERRA



"WHAT REALLY MAKES ME FEEL LIKE I'M LIVING IN THE FUTURE IS HOW OFTEN I'M ASKED TO PROVE I'M NOT A ROBOT."



"HONEY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE ALEXA?"
"THE NEW PET THEY LOVE SO MUCH CAN DO A LOT OF TRICKS, BUT IT'S NOT SO TOUGH WHEN YOU PEE ON IT."



"I'M GETTING TO BE AN OLD MACDONALD, SO I LEAVE MOST OF THE FARMING DECISIONS TO MY E.I.E.I.O.-A.I."

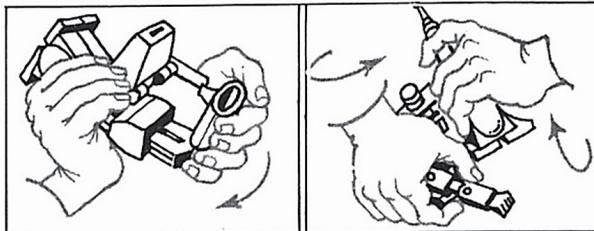
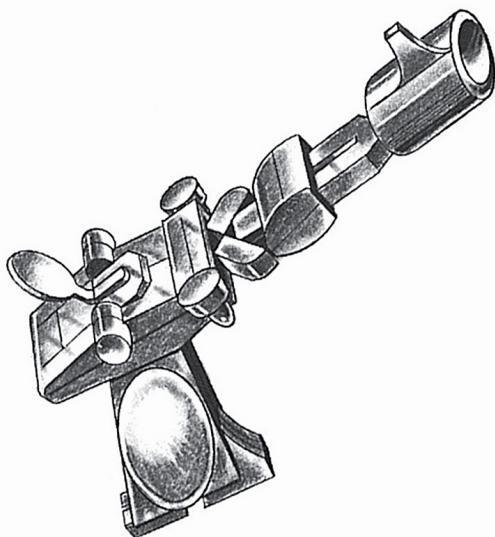


"AS I SUSPECTED! THE HOUSE IS POSSESSED BY THE SPIRIT OF YOUR DELETED BROWSER HISTORY."

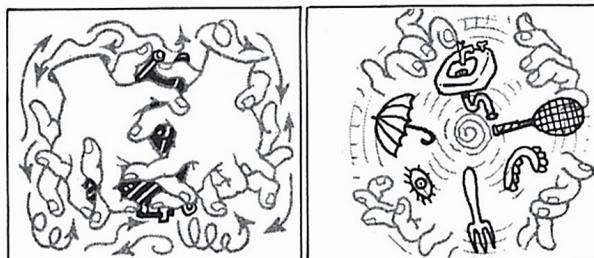
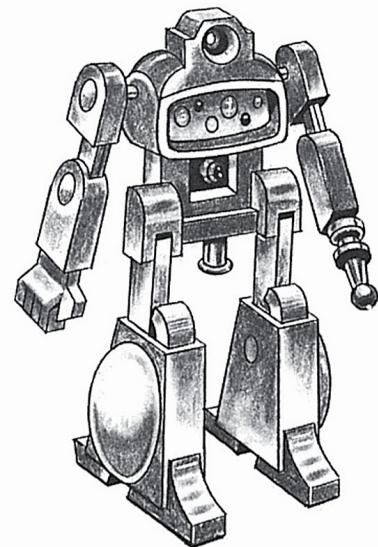


CHANGE REACTION DEPT.

GOBOTS and TRANSFORMERS are the hottest toys of the year! As the name implies, these toys transform from one thing into another. For instance, a few deft twists of its moveable parts, and a...

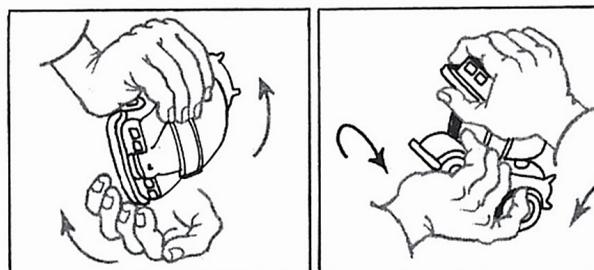
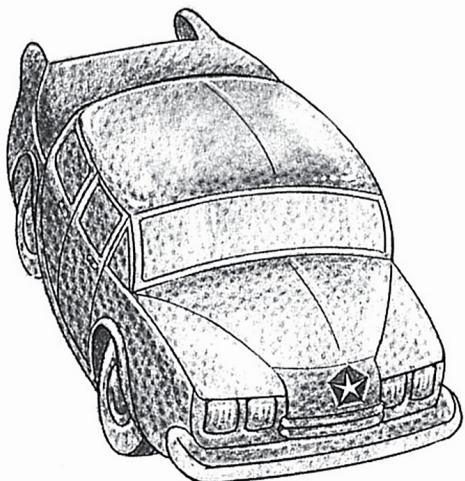


GUN BECOMES A ROBOT

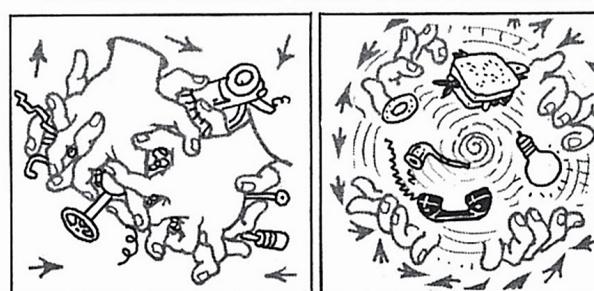
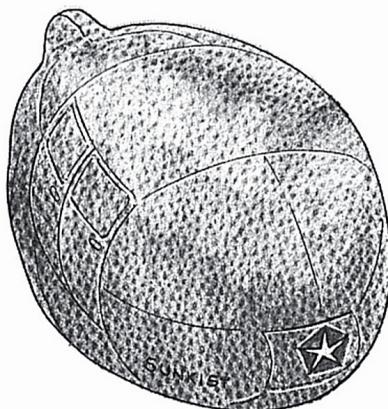


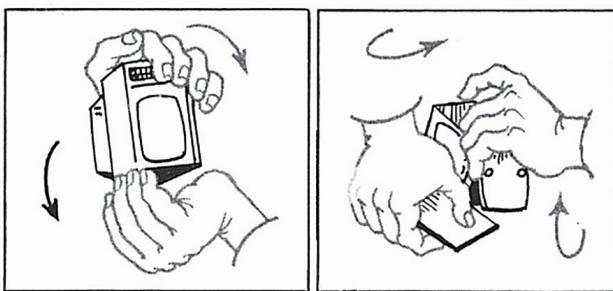
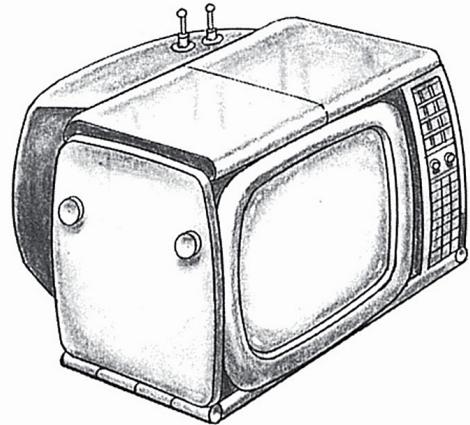
Great! Except they only deal in the fantasy world! What kids need today are toys that deal in the real world! Toys like MAD's...

TRULY LOGICAL TRANSFORMERS

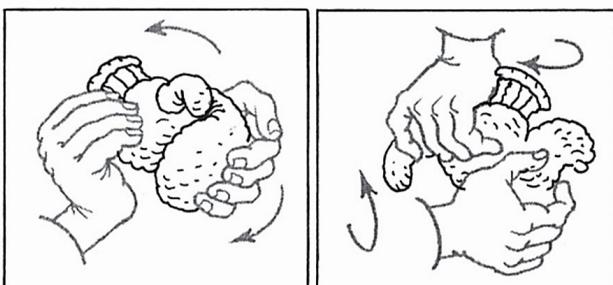
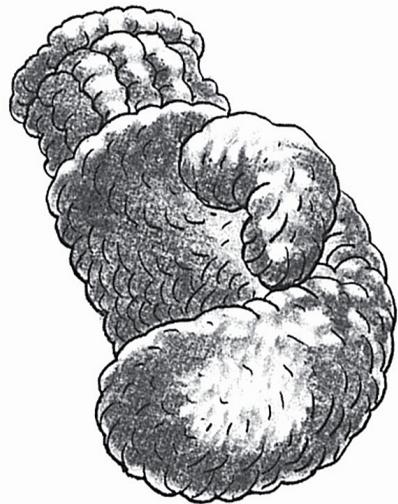
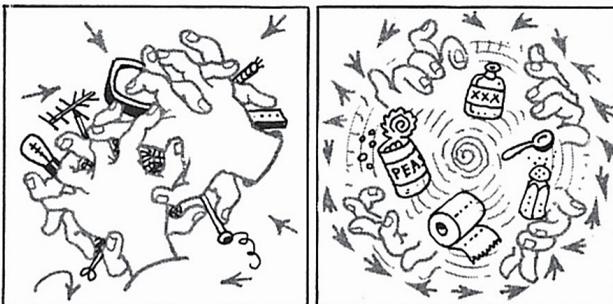


WHEELS TRANSFORM INTO A LEMON

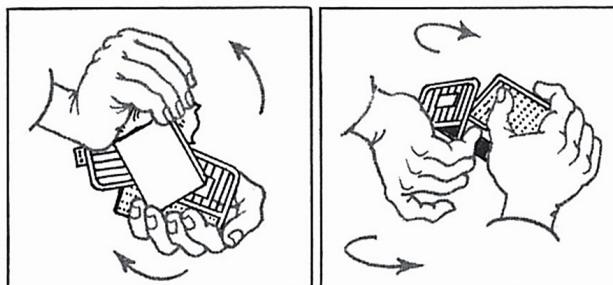
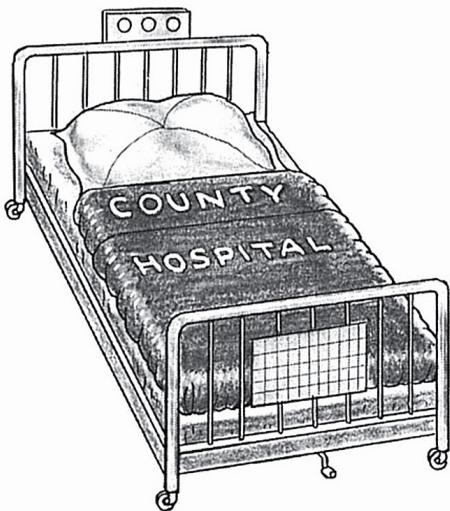
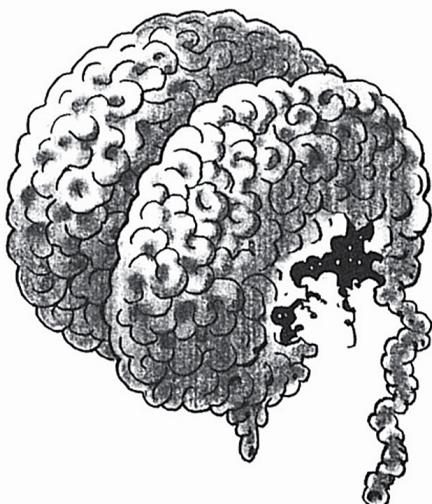
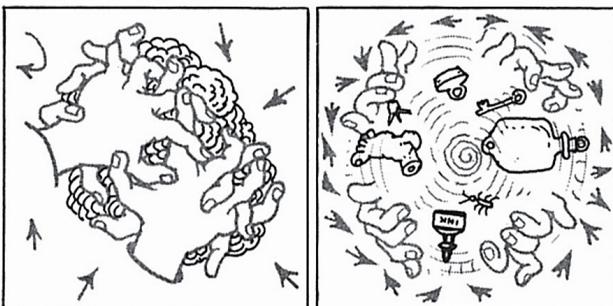




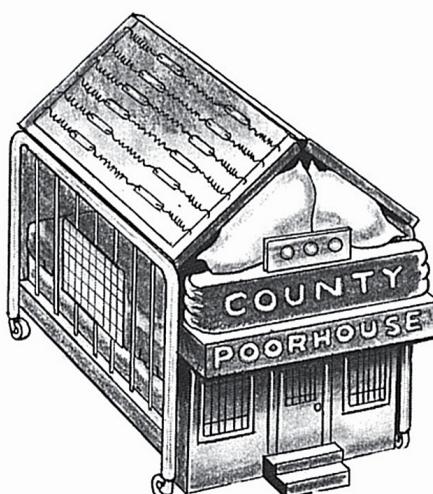
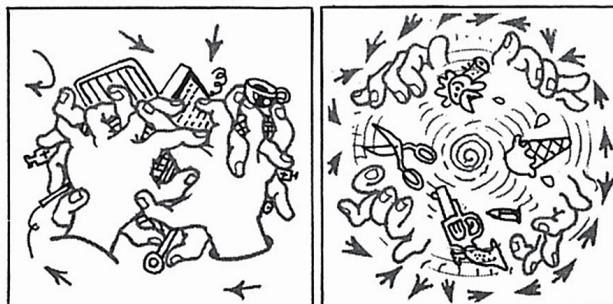
THE BOOB TUBE TRANSFORMS INTO THE FAMILY THRONE

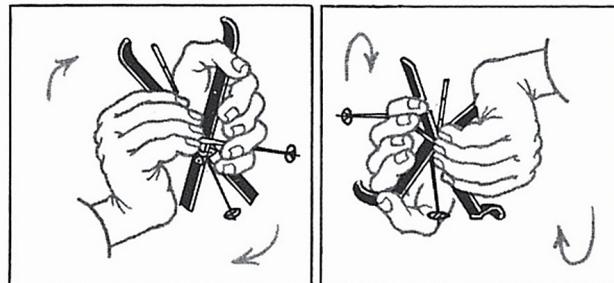
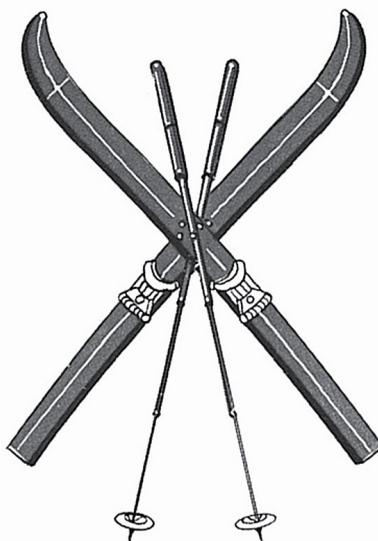


BOXING GLOVES TURN INTO BATTERED BRAINS

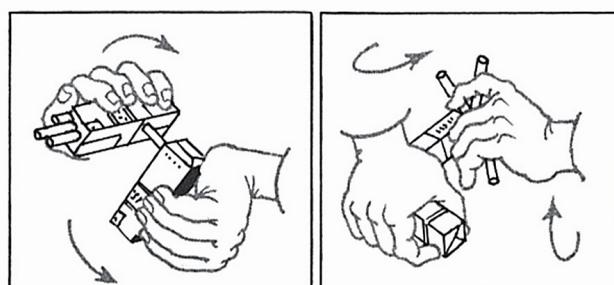
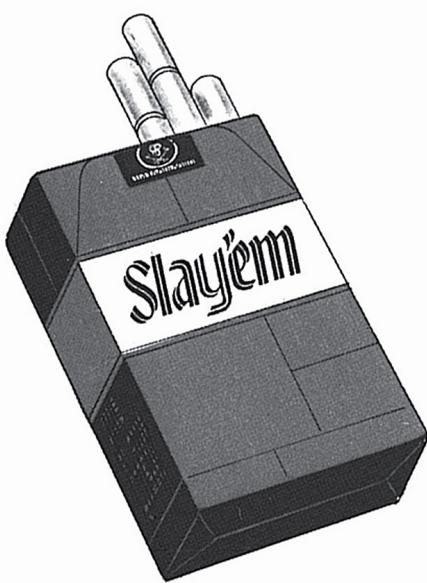
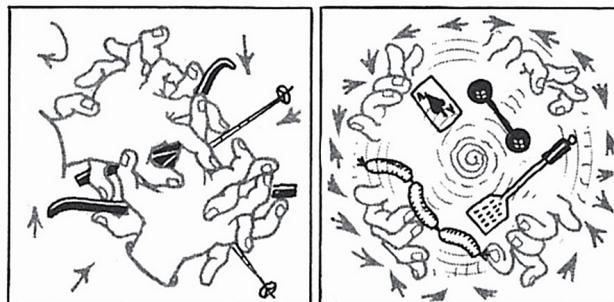
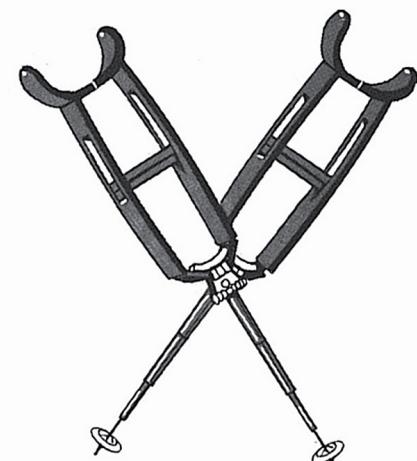


"FLAT ON YOUR BACK" TRANSFORMS INTO FLAT BROKE

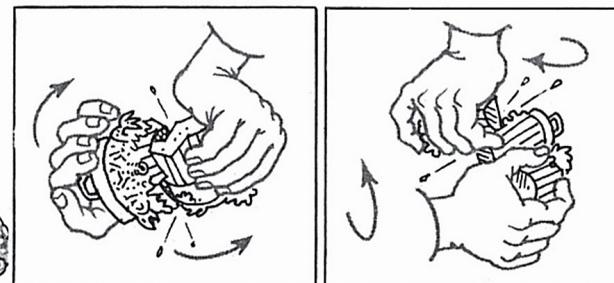
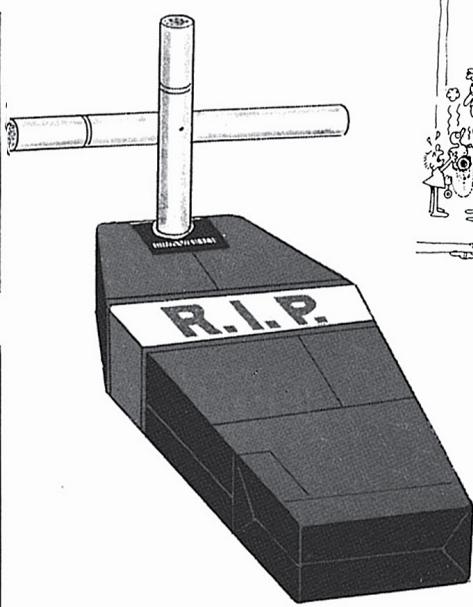




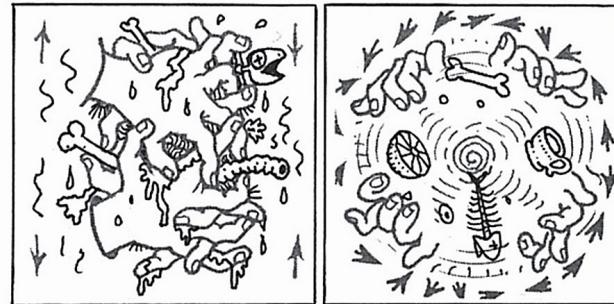
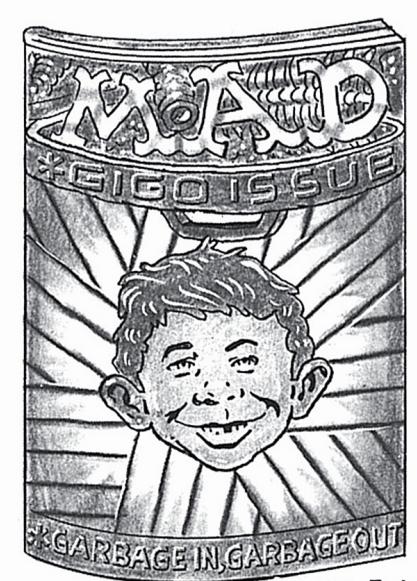
SKI TIME TRANSFORMS INTO BUSTED KNEE TIME



ASHES TRANSFORM INTO ASHES



TRASH TRANSFORMS INTO GARBAGE



Al Jaffee

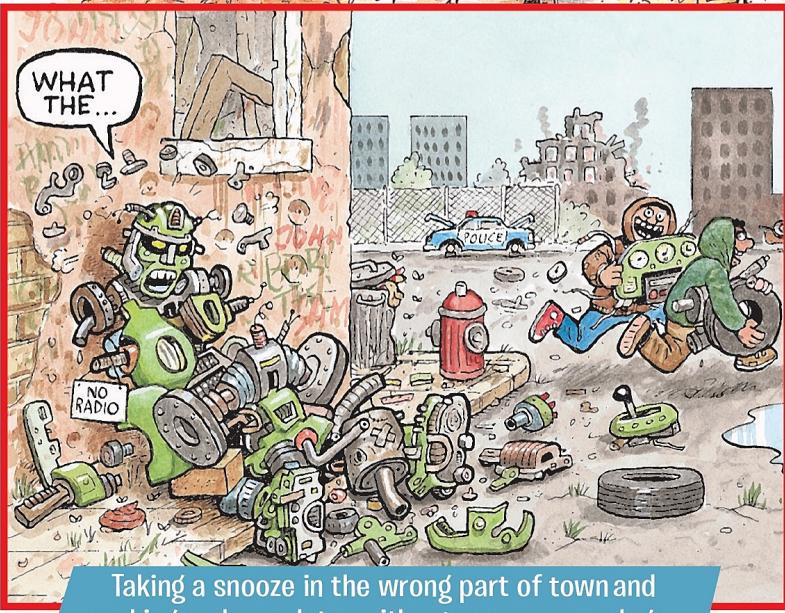
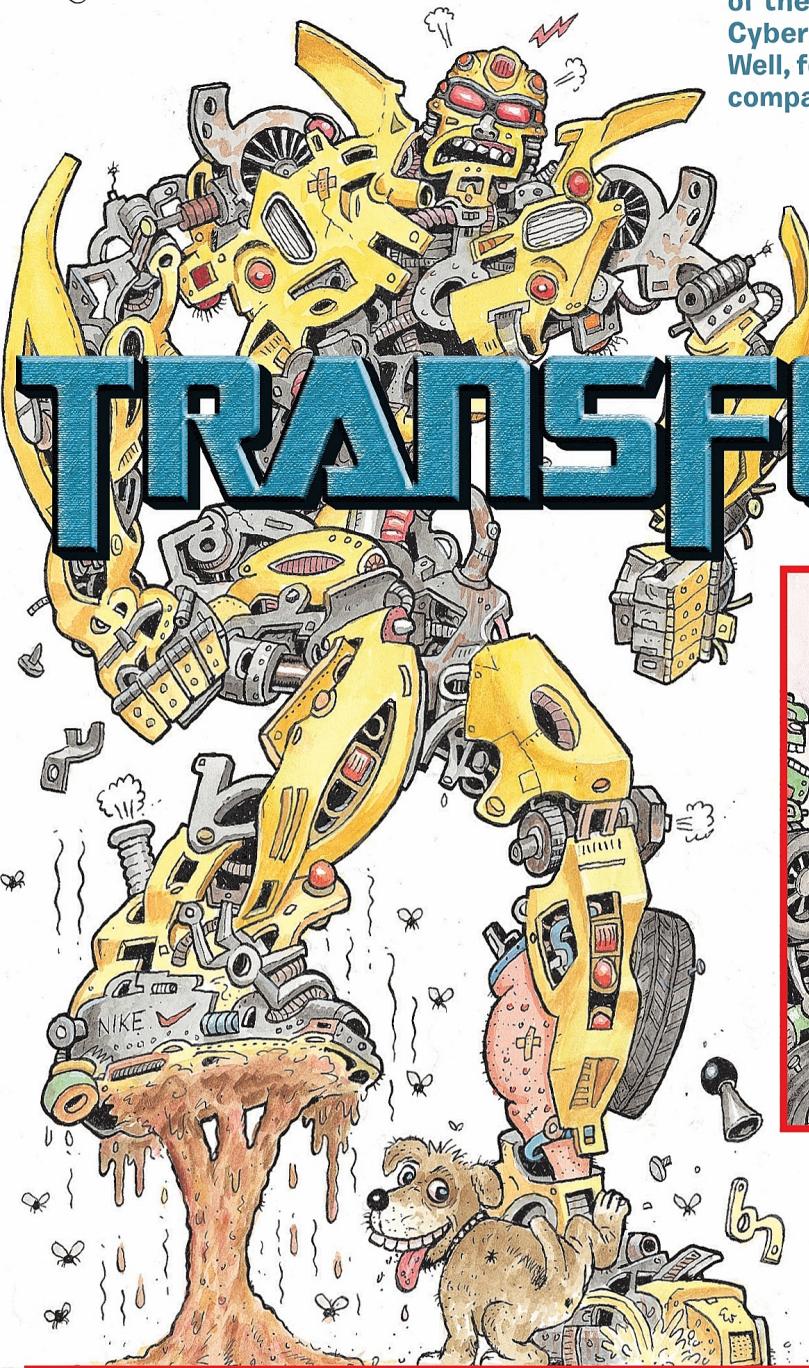


WHEELY PISSED OFF DEPT.

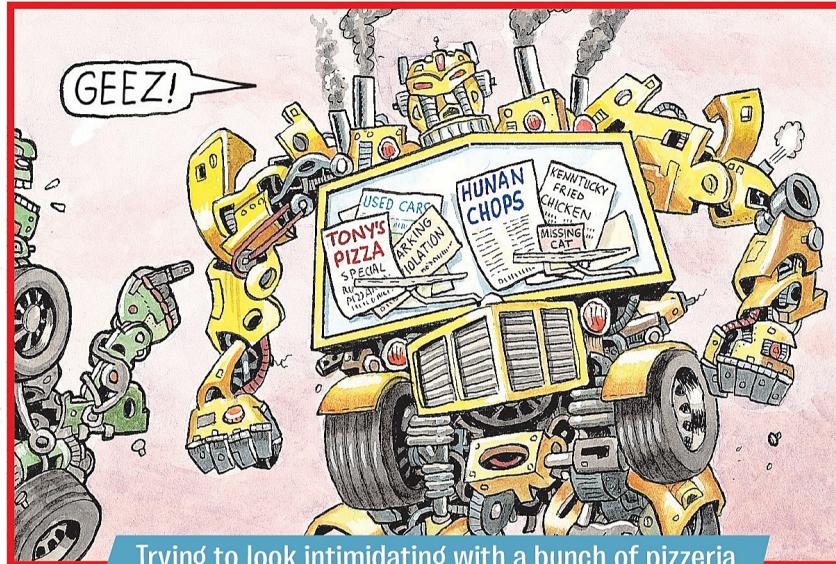
So you're in a vicious battle with your sworn enemies for the fate of the universe, a million miles away from your home planet of Cybertron and facing death at every turn. Sounds tough, right? Well, for the Autobots and Decepticons, all that stuff is child's play compared to these...

Everyday Pet Peeves of

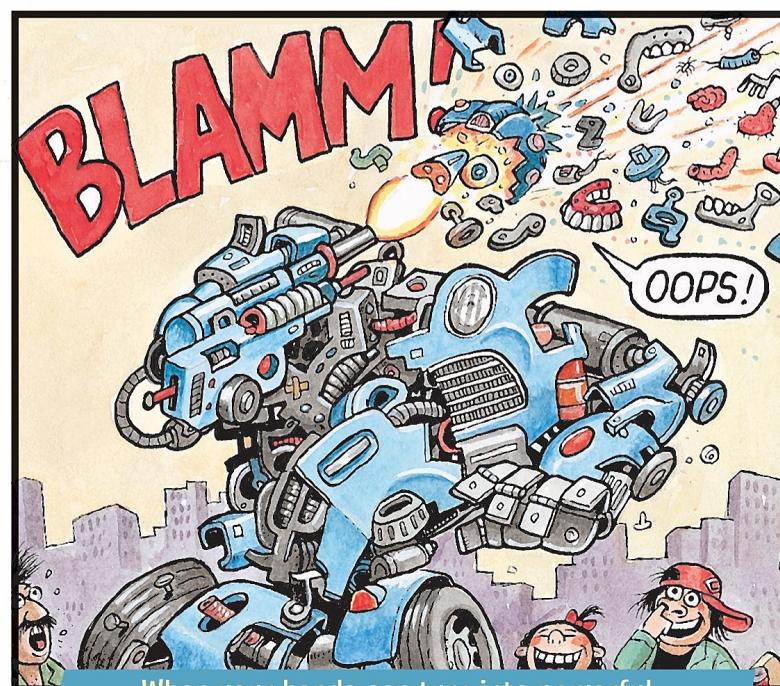
TRANSFORMERS



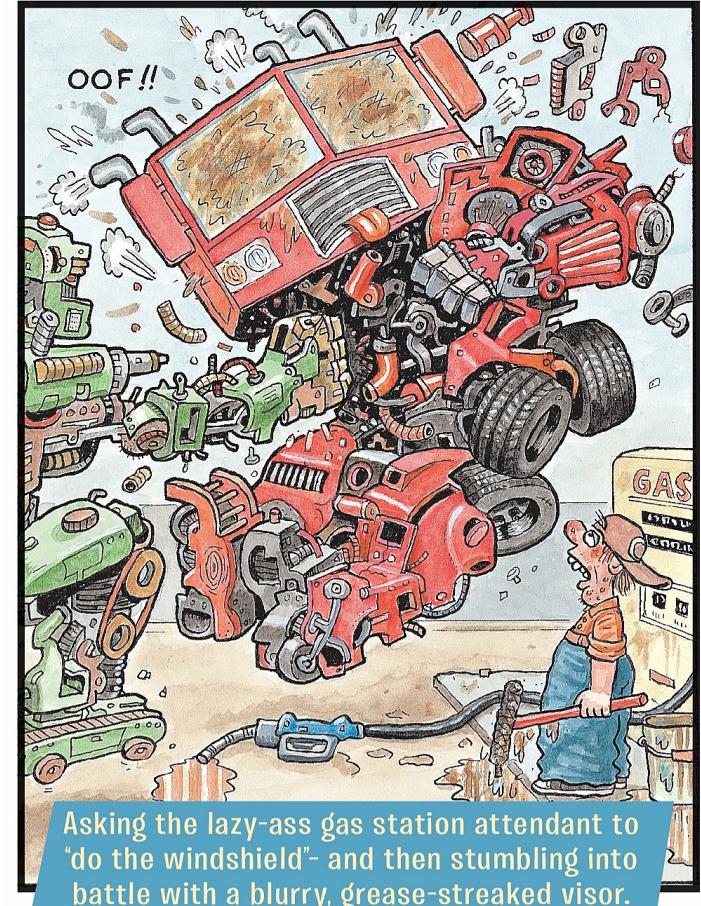
Taking a snooze in the wrong part of town and waking up hours later without your arms or legs.



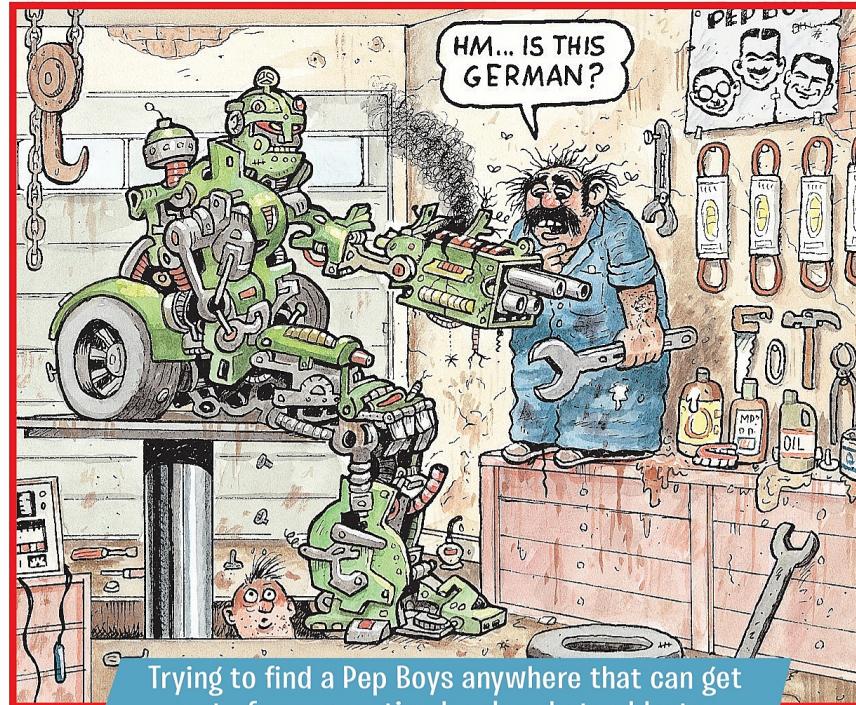
Trying to look intimidating with a bunch of pizzeria flyers jammed under your windshield wipers.



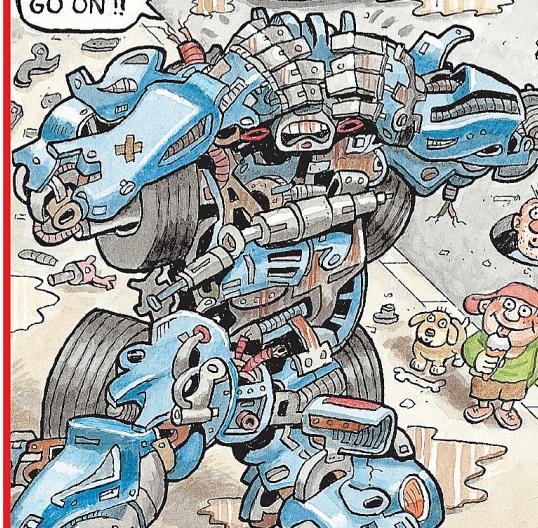
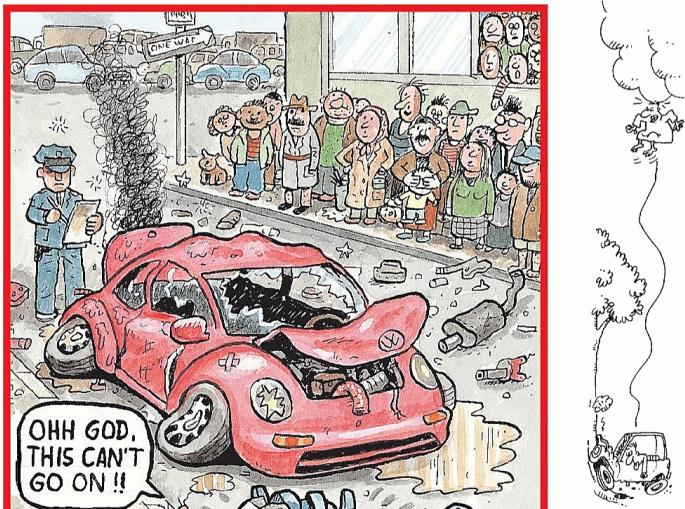
When your hands can turn into powerful laser-cannons, there's always a chance that accidental suicide is as close as your next nose-pick.



Asking the lazy-ass gas station attendant to "do the windshield" - and then stumbling into battle with a blurry, grease-streaked visor.

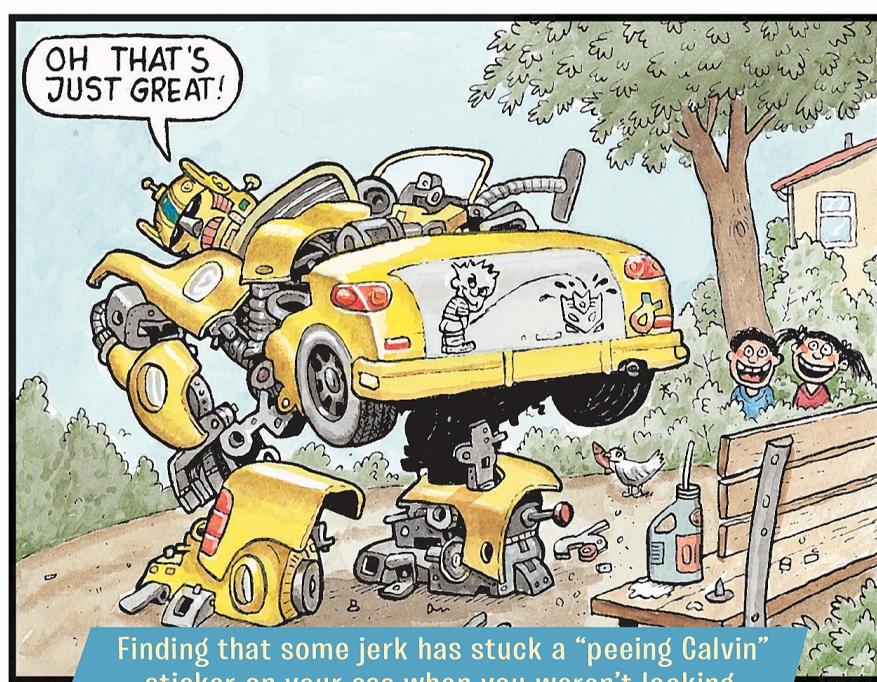


Trying to find a Pep Boys anywhere that can get parts for your antimolecular photon blaster.

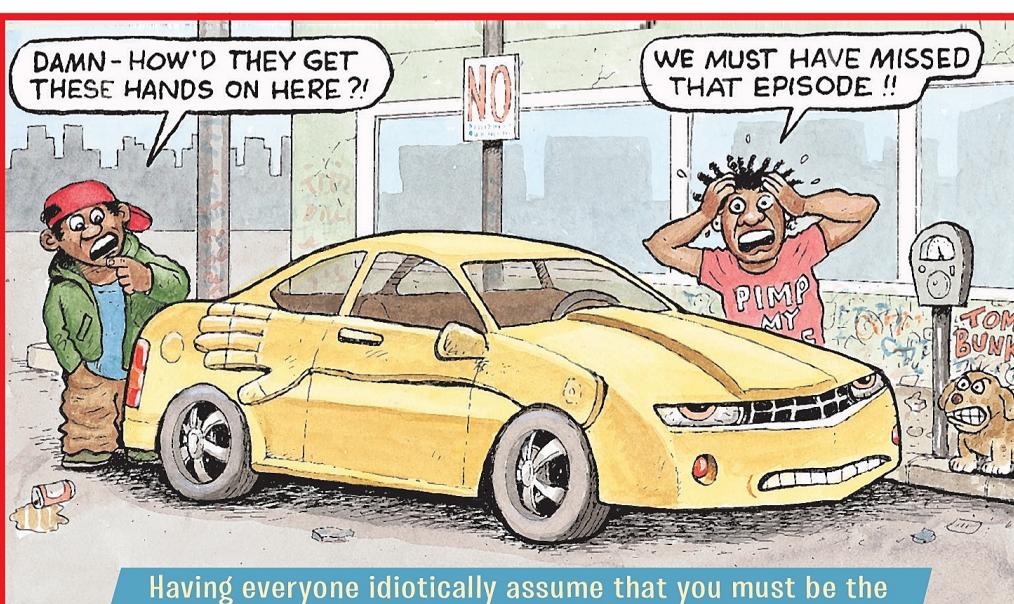


The deep, deep shame that comes every time your interplanetary loneliness leads you to make out with an VW Beetle.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #480, AUG 2007



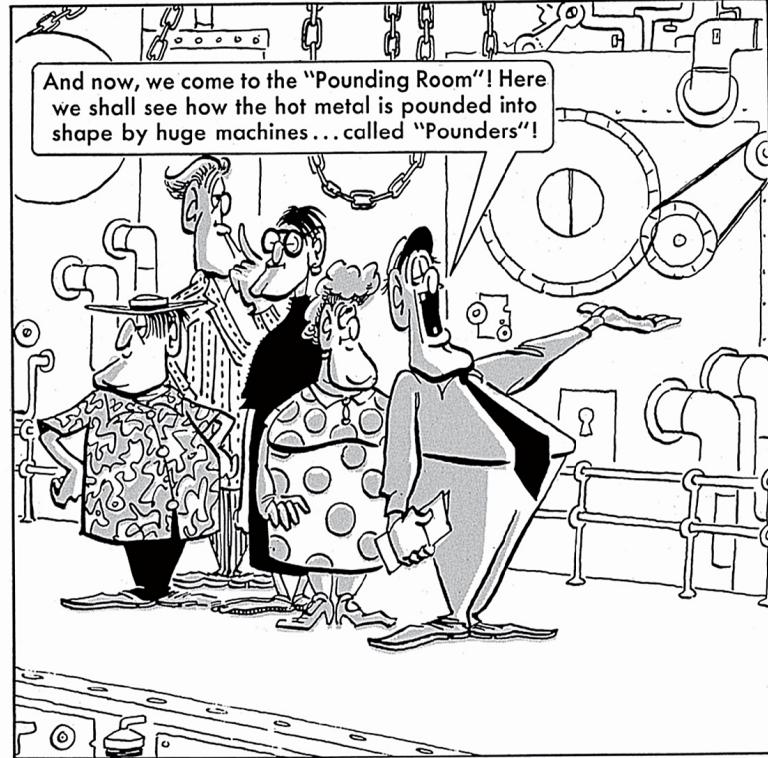
Finding that some jerk has stuck a "peeing Calvin" sticker on your ass when you weren't looking.



Having everyone idiotically assume that you must be the product of an extra-special episode of *Pimp My Ride*.



A GUIDED TOUR THROUGH A STEEL FOUNDRY

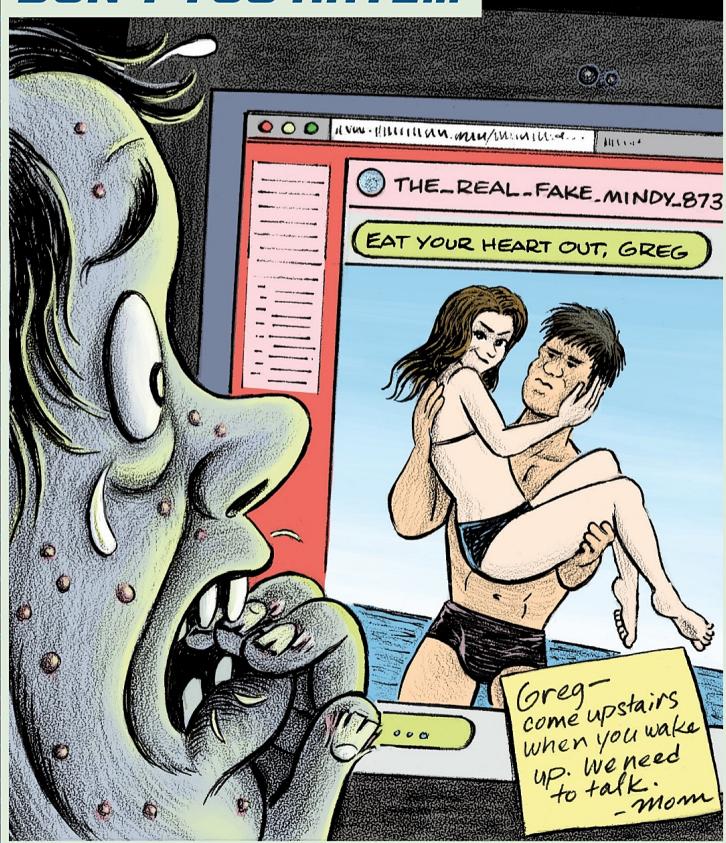


Hey, gang! Here we go with another MAD Hate Book, a little literary gem to help you blow off steam about your pet grievances. This one's for those who not only embrace all the tech advancements that come our way but truly take advantage of them. It's...

THE MAD ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE HATE BOOK

WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

DON'T YOU HATE...



DON'T YOU HATE...



...when the deepfake you made of your ex-girlfriend starts seeing other guys?

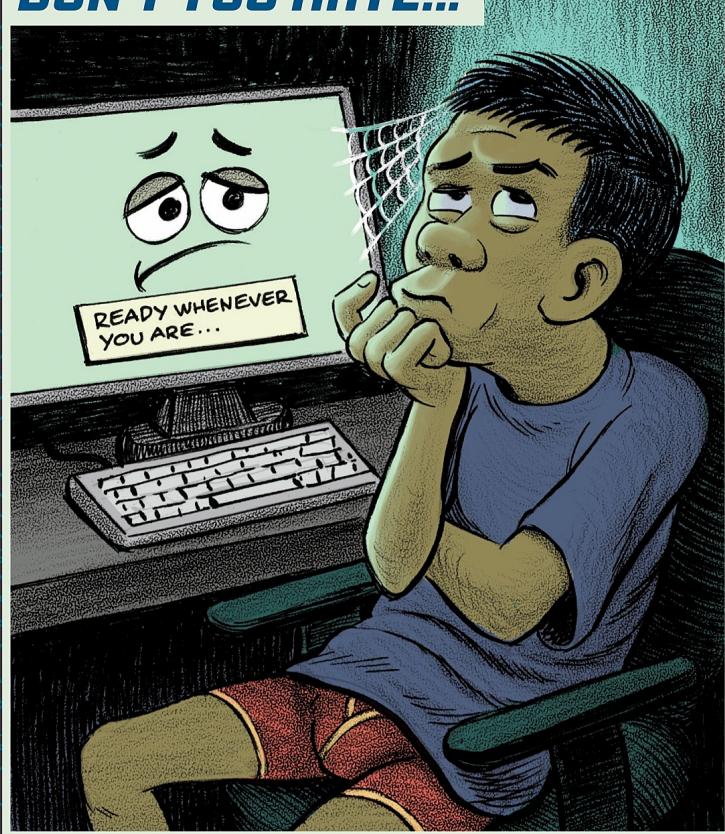
...when people don't recognize your skill as an A.I. artist?

DON'T YOU HATE...



...how A.I. hallucinations are cooler
than any you've ever had?

DON'T YOU HATE...



...when you can't think of any good prompts
for A.I. to write your final term paper?

DON'T YOU HATE...



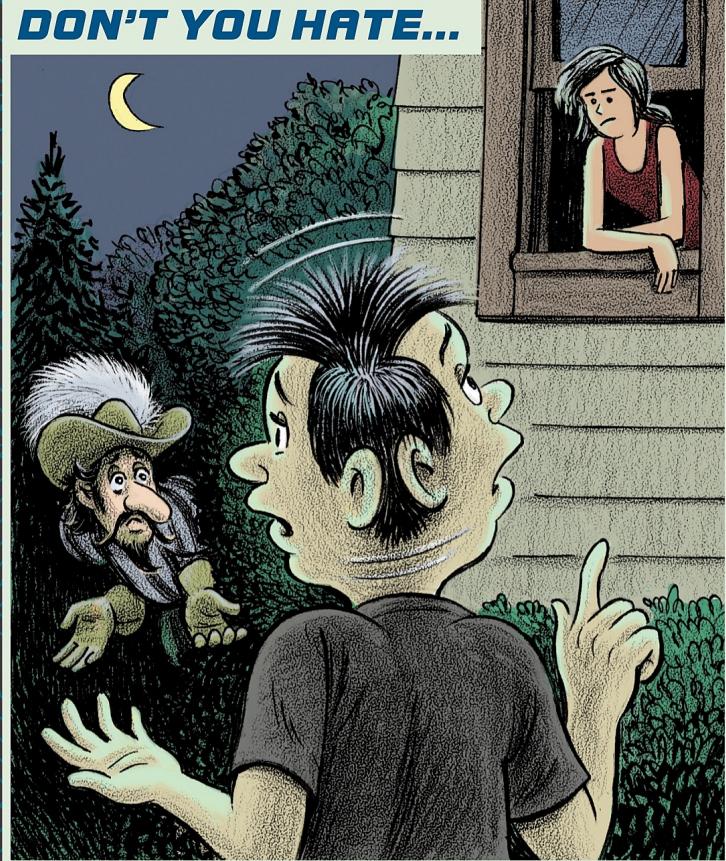
...worrywarts who fret about how much water A.I.
servers use for every dank meme you make?

DON'T YOU HATE...



...when your tech company is sued for using millions
of "copyrighted" images without permission?

DON'T YOU HATE...



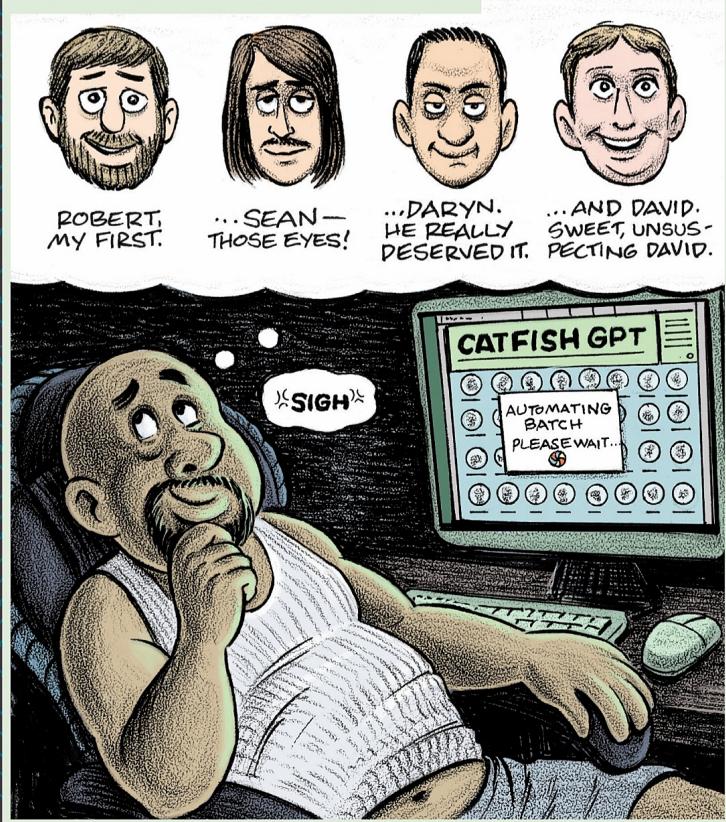
...when you don't have access to a chatbot and actually have to think for yourself?

DON'T YOU HATE...



...how your virtual date is so realistic even she thinks you're a loser?

DON'T YOU HATE...



ROBERT,
MY FIRST.

...SEAN —
THOSE EYES!

...DARYN.
HE REALLY
DESERVED IT.

...AND DAVID.
SWEET, UNSUS-
PECTING DAVID.

(SIGH)

DON'T YOU HATE...



...how A.I. makes catfishing easier, but you just don't feel that special connection anymore?

...how A.I. was supposed to make life easier but so far it's been the opposite?



It's the Spielberg-by-way-of-Kubrick theory that in the future, in order to keep the world's population down, people will be offered a stark choice: either don't have children, or adopt robotic ones. The good news is that the robotic runts are life-like, loving and already toilet trained! The bad news is that they get on your nerves from day one, never grow up and never move out of the house—which is why the very idea of taking one of these little buggers home is the sheer height of...

I'm Professor Hubby, Chief Engineer at CyberCynics. We just released our latest model, DaveNocchio, a Mecha 11-year-old boy. Getting this super-advanced Mechaboy to love was easy. Getting it to be loved back from cold, self-centered parents was another thing! But then, that's par for the course in the real world!

I'm DaveNocchio, the most advanced Mecha ever built. I can run, laugh, and I can even think. I cost about a billion dollars to perfect. It would have been nice if they spent an extra five bucks to give me the ability to blink. My eyes are killing me! One other thing. I don't have the ability to sleep, which is horrible! Imagine sitting through this film without having the ability to snooze. Sheer torture!

I'm Momica, the mother of a very sick son. My husband has the nerve to think a Mecha could replace him. I know I wouldn't have to feed a Mecha, clean up after him, or wash his dirty clothes. And the Mecha would do all the housework. All the shopping! All the cooking! Hmm...Maybe it's time we pulled the plug and took our real son off life support!

My wife hates the Mecha because she feels I'm trying to substitute him for our real son. I hate the Mecha for my own reasons. He's supposed to be mechanical, and yet he can act better than me. I'm not nutty about Eveready the Bear, either. He has 100 times more screen time than I do! Robots may not be taking over the planet, but they sure are taking over the plum movie roles!

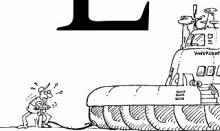
I'm Eveready the Bear, the mandatory cuddly, licensable character in every Spielberg film. I am a super toy! I have the looks of an Ewok, the charm of C3PO and for some inexplicable reason, the voice of Hannibal Lecter!

I'm Giggle-Low Joe. I'm handsome, I'm hot, and I'm an expert lover who can get it on several times a day. And I never fall asleep afterwards. Instead, I want to cuddle! That's the dead giveaway to women that I'm a robot and not a real man!

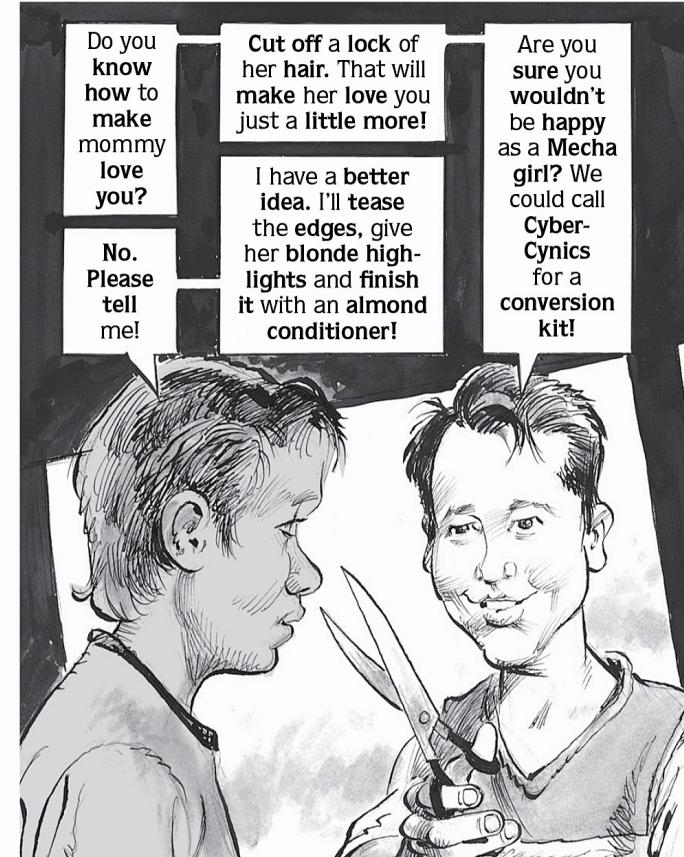
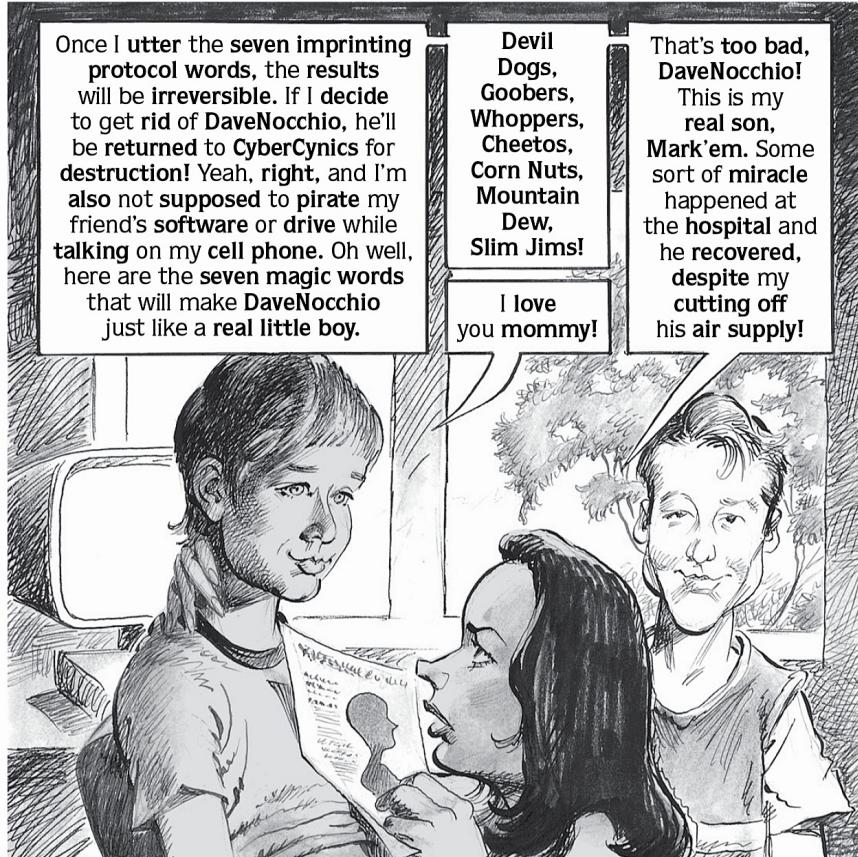
I'm Mark'em, the real, human son. But I'm in a coma, so I can't utter anything here. But I hope to recover in the next few panels to inject some life into this movie!

MAX KORN
DRUCKER
ROBOT

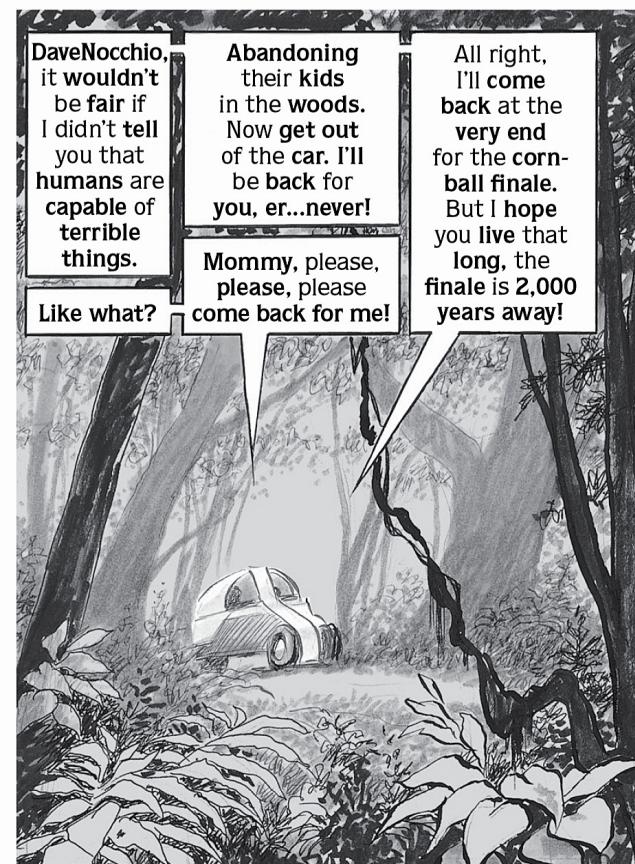
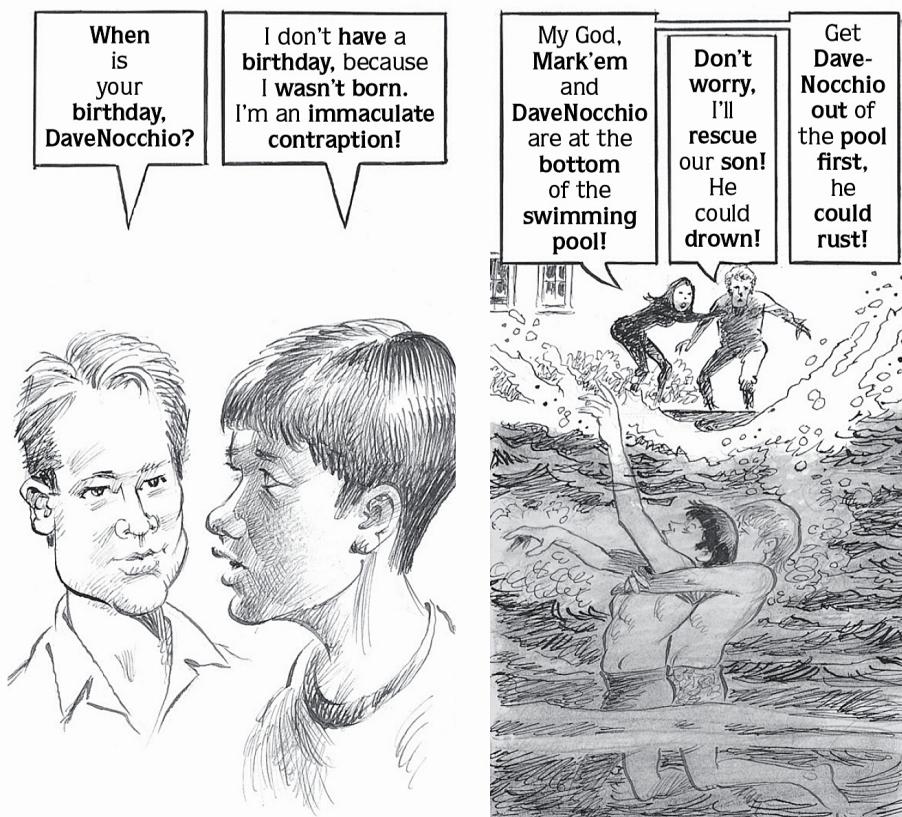
A.I. ABSOLUTE IDIOCY

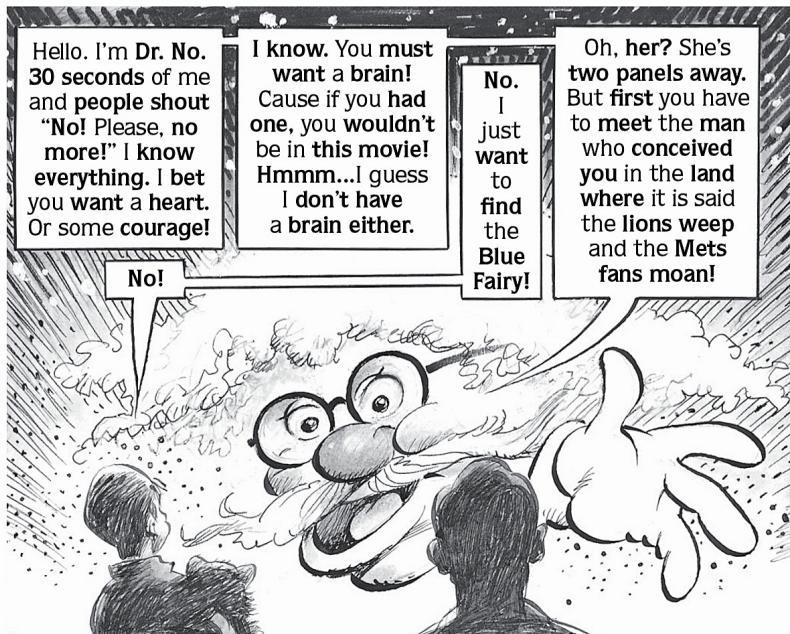
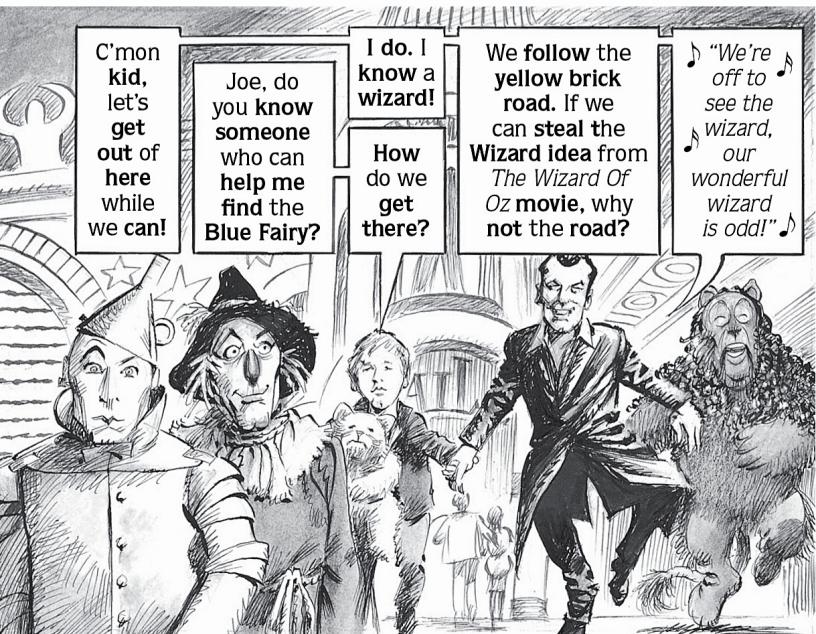
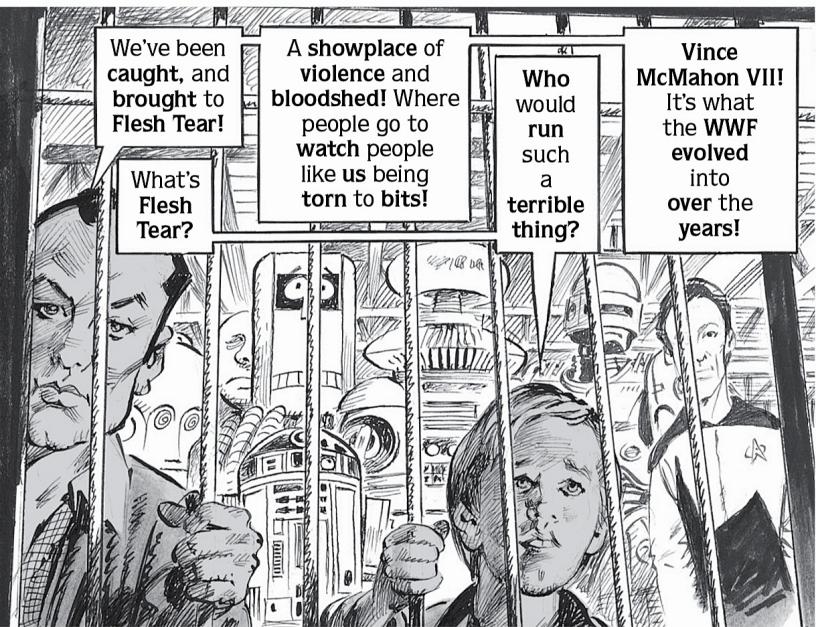
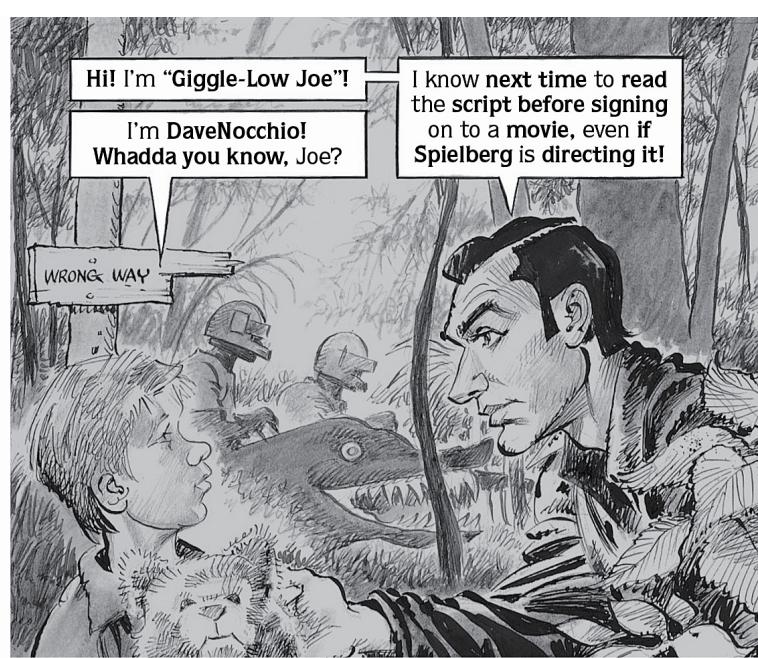
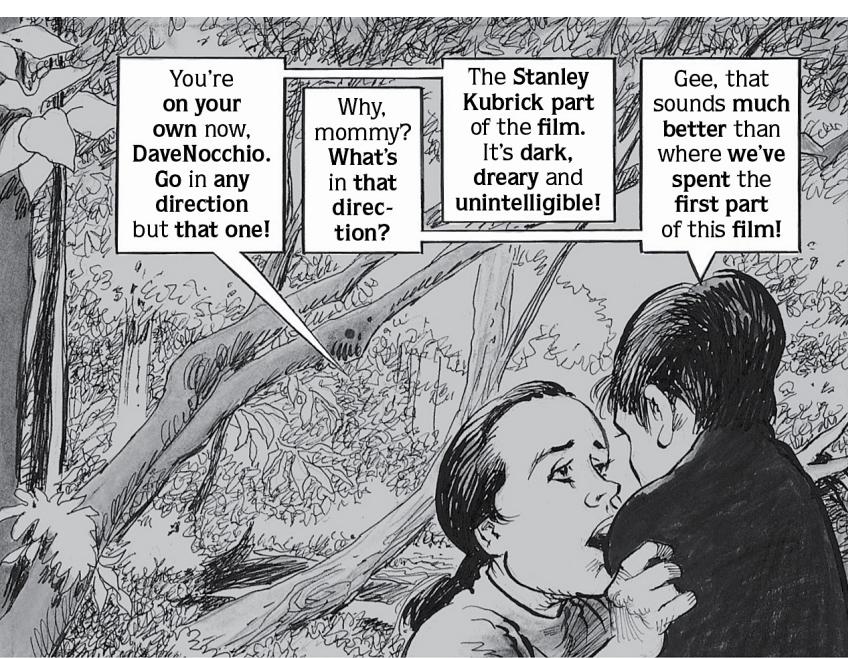


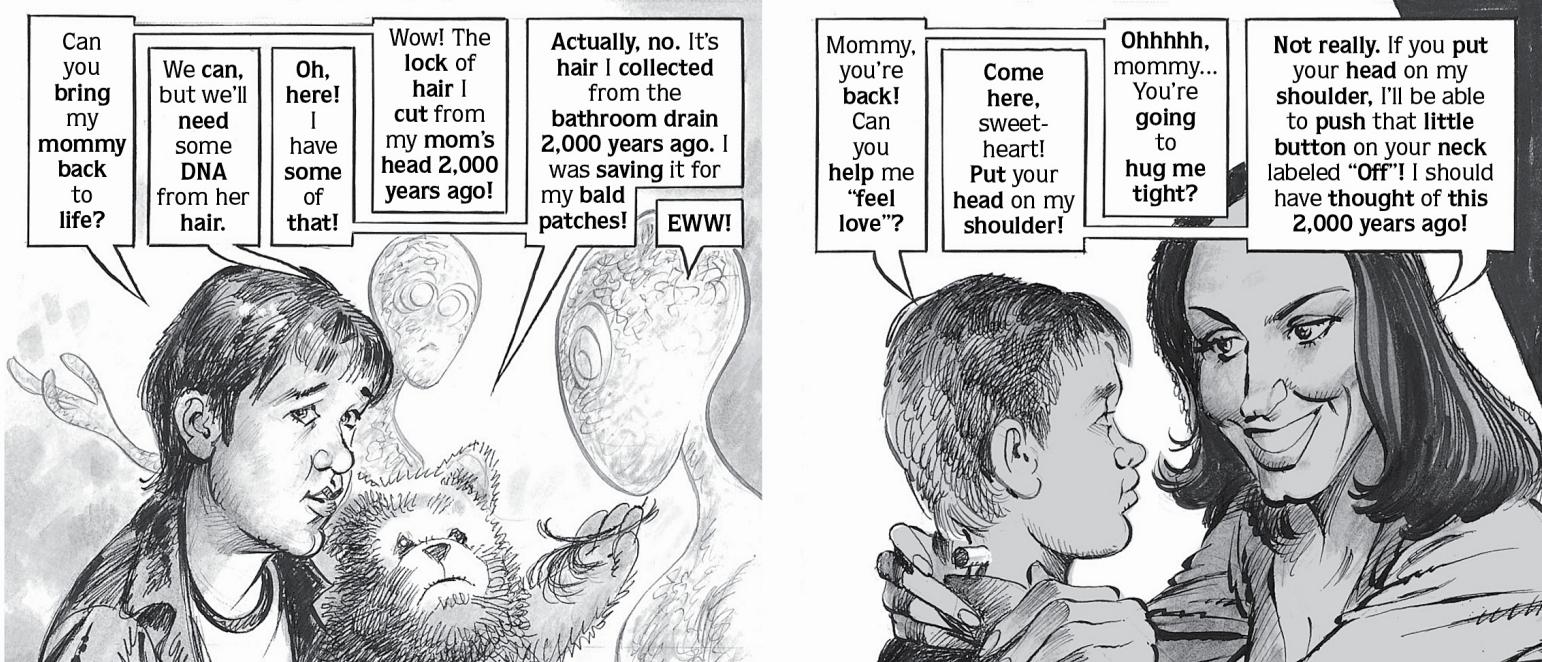
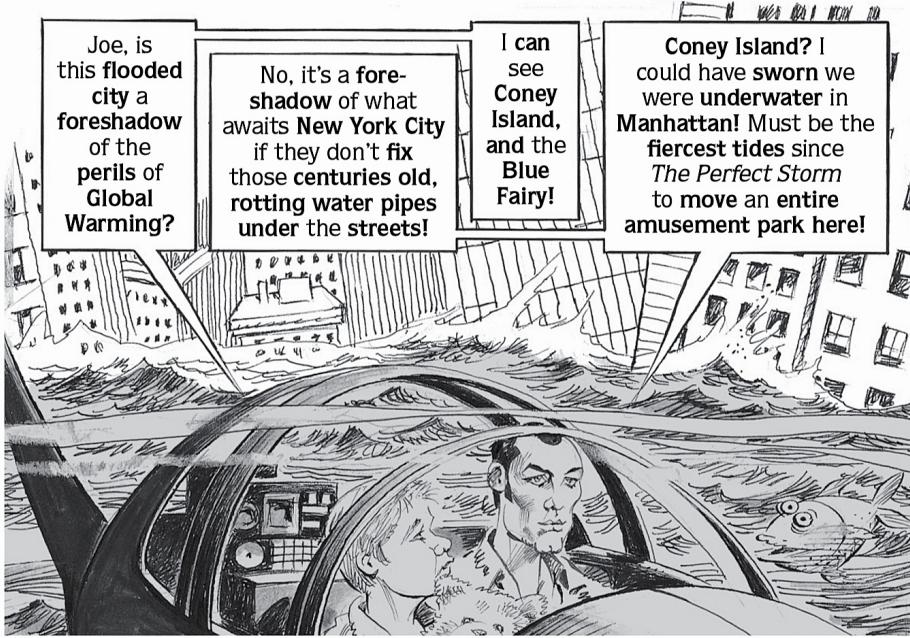
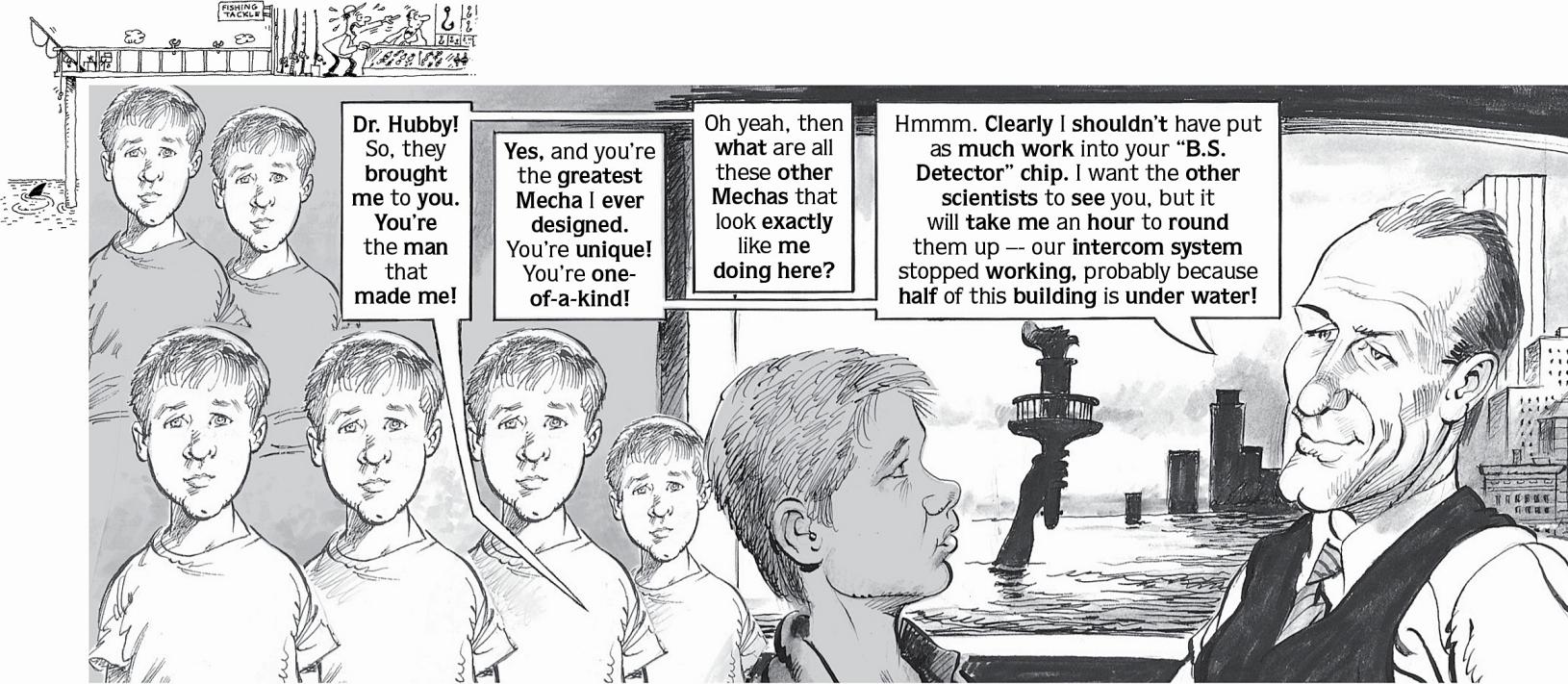
WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO
ARTIST MORT DRUCKER



ORIGINALY PUBLISHED IN MAD #410, OCT 2001





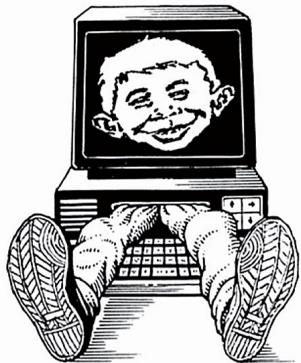




BITS & P.C.'S DEPT.

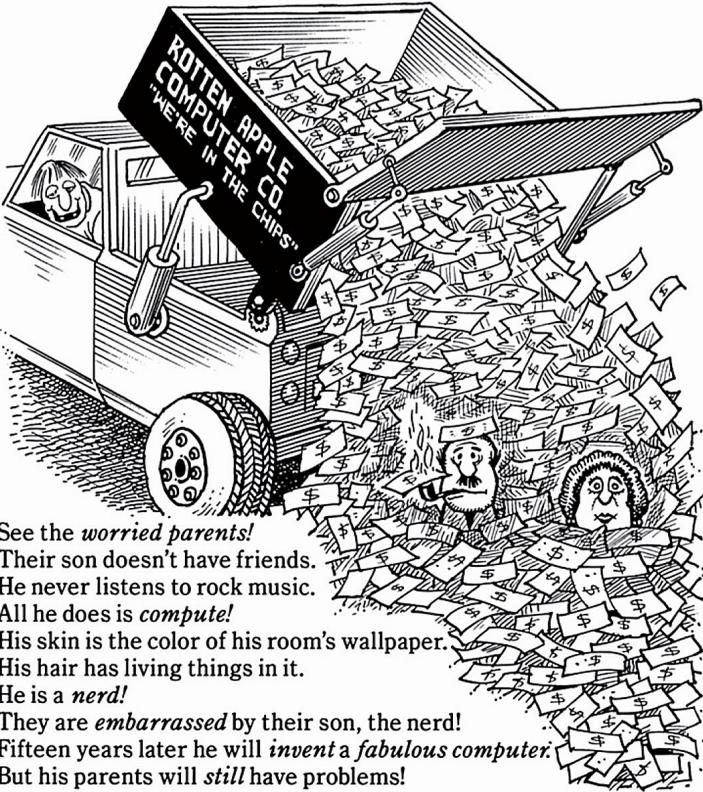
SPECIAL COMPUTER SECTION STARTS HERE!!

THE MAD COMPUTER PRINTER



WRITER JOHN BONI ARTIST AL JAFFEE

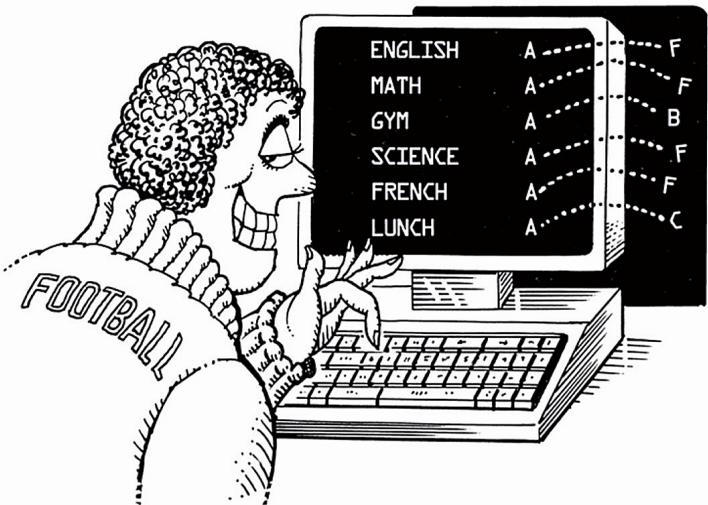
CHAPTER FOUR



See the *worried parents!*
Their son doesn't have friends.
He never listens to rock music.

All he does is *compute!*
His skin is the color of his room's wallpaper.
His hair has living things in it.
He is a *nerd!*
They are *embarrassed* by their son, the nerd!
Fifteen years later he will *invent* a fabulous computer.
But his parents will *still* have problems!
Because their son will still be a *nerd?*
No! Because they'll still have problems *spending all the money*
his company makes!

CHAPTER ONE



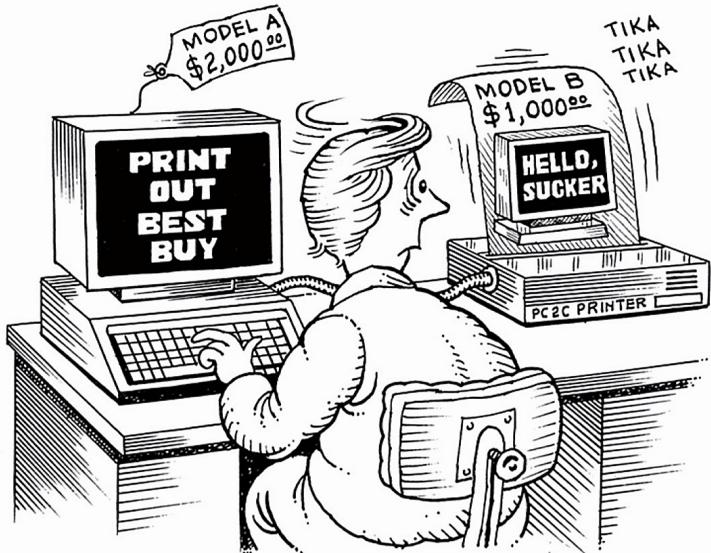
See the *computer expert!*
He spends *all his time* at his computer.
He doesn't spend *any time* studying.
He can't do *math*.
He can barely *read*.
He thinks Huckleberry Finn is a new *ice cream flavor*.
Yet he gets *straight 'A's* in *all his courses*.
How does he do this?
Because of his *expertise* with the *computer*?
Yes—but not the way *you think*!
He doesn't have to learn his *subjects*. He's learned something *more important!* Mainly, how to *change his grades* by tapping into the *school's computer!*

CHAPTER FIVE



See the *novelist* at work on his *word processor*!
See his *faithful dog*, Fang.
The novelist is *struggling* to write a *difficult chapter*.
Fang is *struggling* through the *computer cord*.
The novelist finally completes the *difficult chapter*.
Fang finally bites through the *computer cord*.
The novelist's *difficult chapter* *disappears forever!*
So does his *faithful dog*, Fang!

CHAPTER TWO

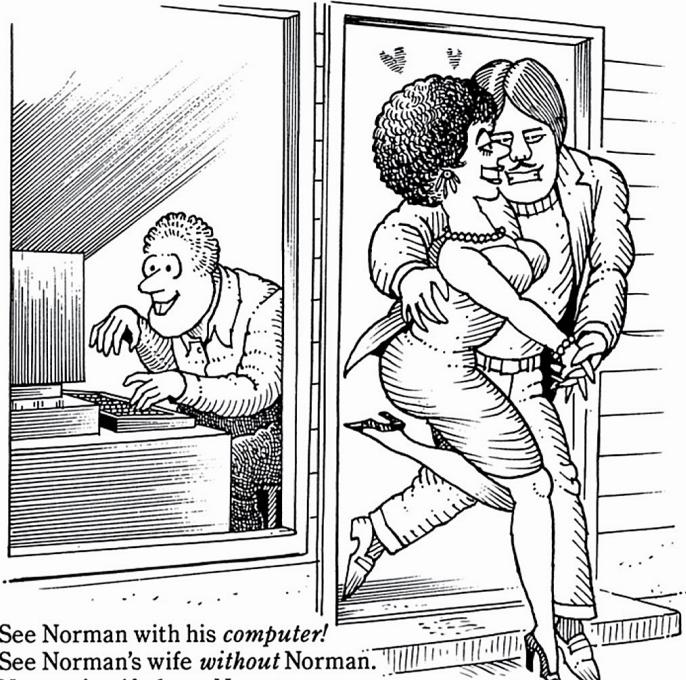


See the *comparison shopper* buying a computer!

He made phone calls.
He talked to friends.
He analyzed the specifications.
He made an intelligent selection.
He only spent two thousand dollars.
The day after he bought his computer, the company came out with a *new model!*
Twice as powerful!
Half the price!

See the *comparison shopper* comparison *shopping again*.
This time for a *stomach specialist* to help him with his *ulcer*!

CHAPTER THREE



See Norman with his *computer*!

See Norman's wife *without* Norman.
Norman's wife *loves* Norman.
She *doesn't love* his *computer*.
Norman spent *more time* with his *computer* than with his *wife*.
They fought about it a lot.
Then the problem was *solved*.
Norman's wife learned to *love computers* too.
Through a *computer dating service*, she found herself a great *boyfriend*!

CHAPTER SIX



See the *home computer*!

It only costs seven hundred dollars.

See the man who has withdrawn seven hundred dollars from his bank to *buy that computer*.

Then he learned that price doesn't include the printer.

Nor does it include the printer paper.

It doesn't include the ribbons.

Or the connector cable.

Ditto the monitor, the software, the disks,
the dust cover, or the surge suppressor.

It doesn't include two hours instruction.

All that *extra stuff* costs *extra*.

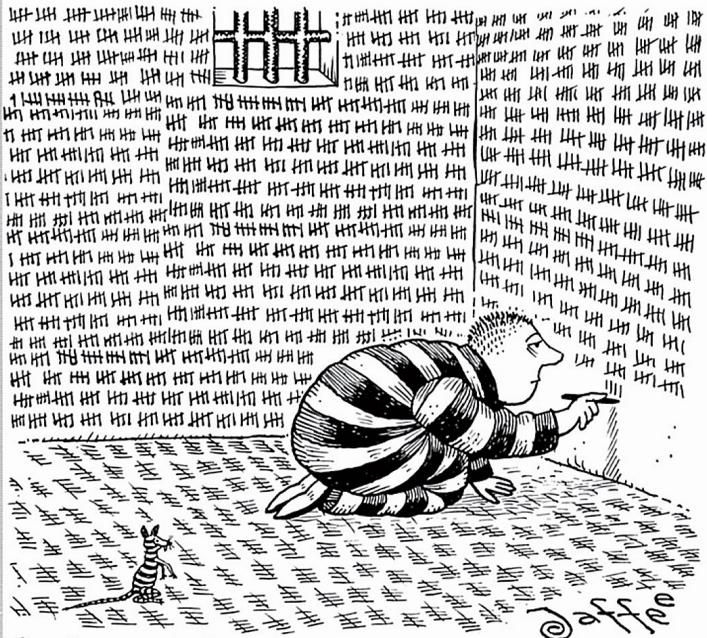
See the man at the *bank*.

He's quickly becoming a *computer expert*!

With the *home computer* he bought?

No, with the *bank computer* he uses to make all his *withdrawals*!

CHAPTER SEVEN



See the *computer hacker*!

He had *fun* tapping into banks, schools and data bases.

He had *fun* changing things around.

He had *fun* changing some patient's *prescription* in a *hospital computer* and sent the patient into a *coma*.

Now the hacker's having *fun* in *prison*!

How come?

He's still *computing*! How many days are there in a *ninety year sentence*??



Ah, the holidays. The anticipation, the jubilation, the family relations, and now the humiliation. Yes, the Christmas card featuring the whole fam wearing the same merry pajamas has (unfortunately) become quite the trend. But look behind the smiles and into the minds of those festive faces and you'll find...

Seven months, two weeks, three days, and six and a half hours until I move into my dorm and out of this temple of mortification.

I wonder how quickly these stupid pajamas would burst into flames if my sister lit one of her bowls right now?

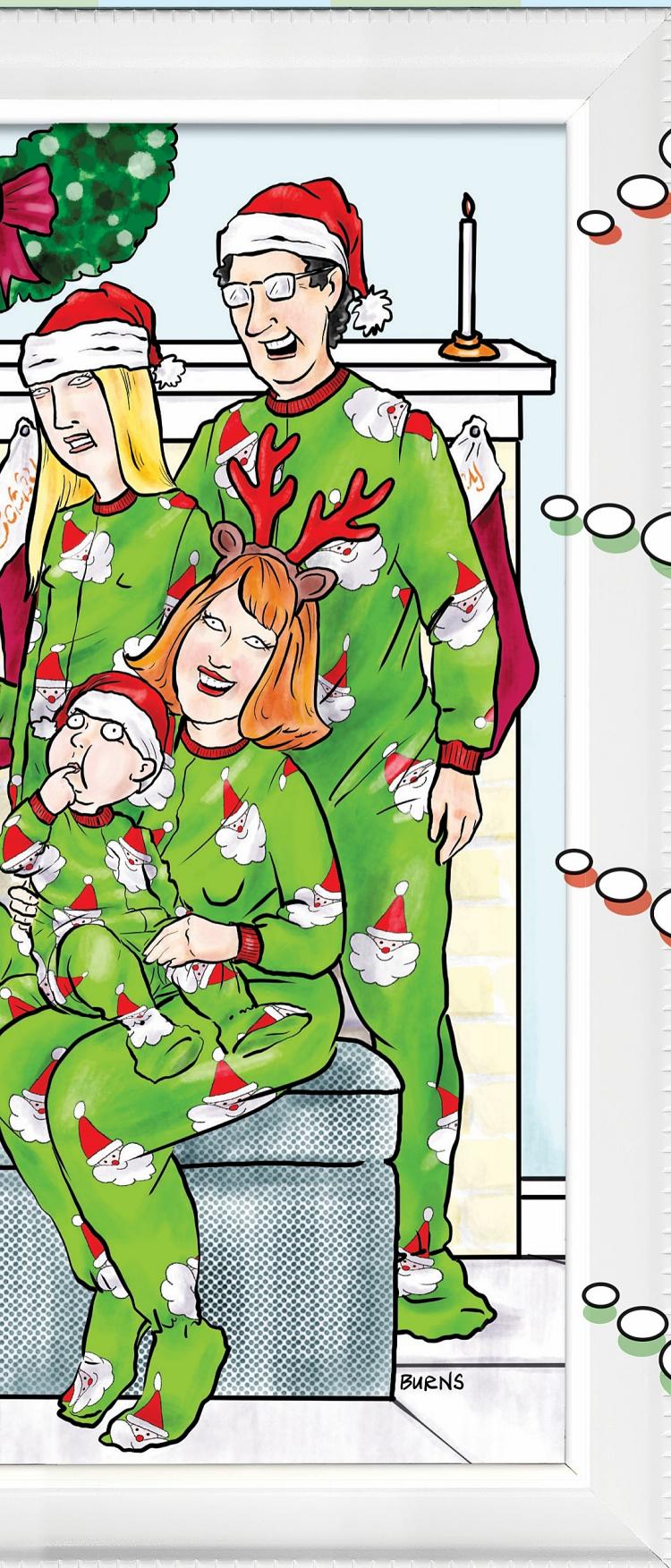
This is so unfair. I cannot believe they are keeping my phone until we are done with pictures! It's like a prison in this house, seriously. I'm sure baby Jesus wouldn't steal my phone!

Tonight I pee directly on Mom's pillow.

WHAT LIES THE MATCHIN' HOLIDAY P



BEHIND NG~JAMMIES ORTRAIT!



She promised to do
the thing she hates to do. She
promised to do the thing she hates
to do. She promised to do the
thing she hates to do.
She promised...

Oh my god.
I am so stoned. This was a
bad idea. I am so intensely aware
of the abomination I am involved in
here. Oh my god, my gum isn't in my
mouth anymore. Wait, I think
I swallowed my teeth...

I really think the kids are
enjoying this! It's going to be
theeee sweetest card ever. And
Ted is such a pushover! He's still
waiting for me to do that thing
I said I'd do when I had him get
rid of the paneling in the
basement! What smells like
skunk in here?!

Seventeen years, two
weeks, three days, and six and
a half hours until I move into
my dorm—if they have any
money left.





Where Not to Go on Your WINTER



DRIPLEY'S BELIEVABLE MUSEUM

Springfield, Missouri

Prepare to **not** be amazed as you see a life-sized replica of a cat born with four legs and one head, a photo of a rock shaped exactly like a stone, and much, much more.

There's also a small auditorium where you can watch films about non-incredible people, such as the man who memorized his entire phone number. The gift shop sells many ordinary items, including a T-shirt with the museum's slogan, "You Will Believe." Well, we can't argue with that.

THE SUPERMARKET EXPERIENCE

Henderson, Nevada

This interactive, 3-D attraction puts visitors in a modern retail food setting, where they push metal carts through aisles displaying products that can be held, examined, and even purchased! Okay, it's really just a plain, boring supermarket, except this one charges you \$7.50 to get in.



BROCCO-FEST

Happy Valley, Oregon

Every year, this festival pays tribute to the world's least-favorite vegetable. Visit over 50 booths run by folks who have nothing better to do than make stuff out of broccoli. You can try broccoli pie, broccoli ice cream, even broccoli dog food.

Also, each year, they honor a young lady as "Miss Brocco-Fest," and you really don't want to see her. The festival mails out color brochures every January, so if you get one in the mail, do not let your parents see it.

BREAK VACATION

WRITER JEFF KRUSE
ARTIST BOB STAAKE



THE DINO PITS

Watonga, Oklahoma

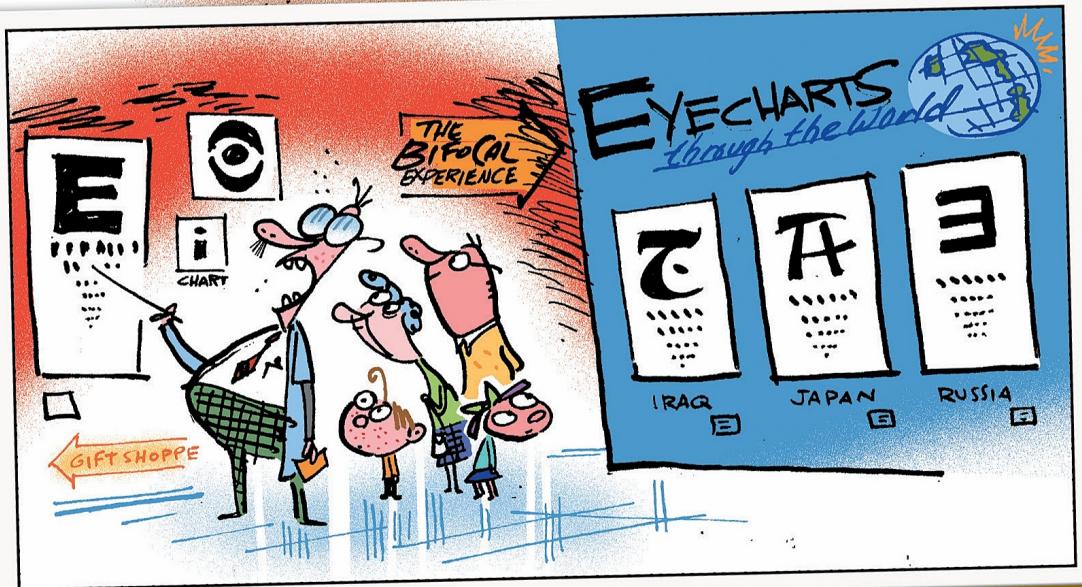
The Dino Pits were formed long, long ago, in 2003, when a truck carrying stuffed toy dinosaurs crashed into a truck carrying maple syrup. There's no cool T-Rex bones or bubbling tar, just a big, sticky mess on the side of the road. You might enjoy this spot if you like flies, however. There's lots of those.

OPTOMETRIST LAND

Akron, OH

A theme park devoted to those guys who make you read eye charts? Yes! Tour guides dressed as optometrists lead visitors on a tour of current and antique eye charts. A newly-opened wing spotlights eye charts from around the world.

Park guests may take the tour twice—once with their left eye closed and once with their right eye closed. The gift shop only sells eyeglass frames, lenses and contact lenses, but when you make your choice, you have to wait about an hour.

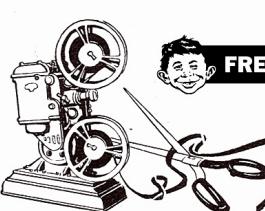


TAPWATER WORLD

Ocean Beach, Florida

Voted "The Least-Exciting Water Park in North America," Tapwater World actually brags about having "the world's shortest water slides." All of them are about six feet long, don't twist around, and end up in a small ditch filled with tapwater (that's where the name comes from). Our advice: stay home and take a long soak in your tub — you'll have just as much fun.

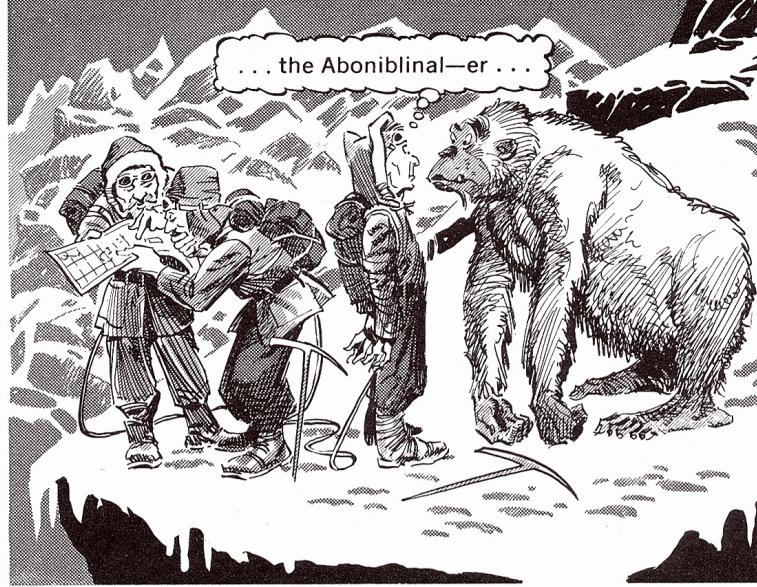
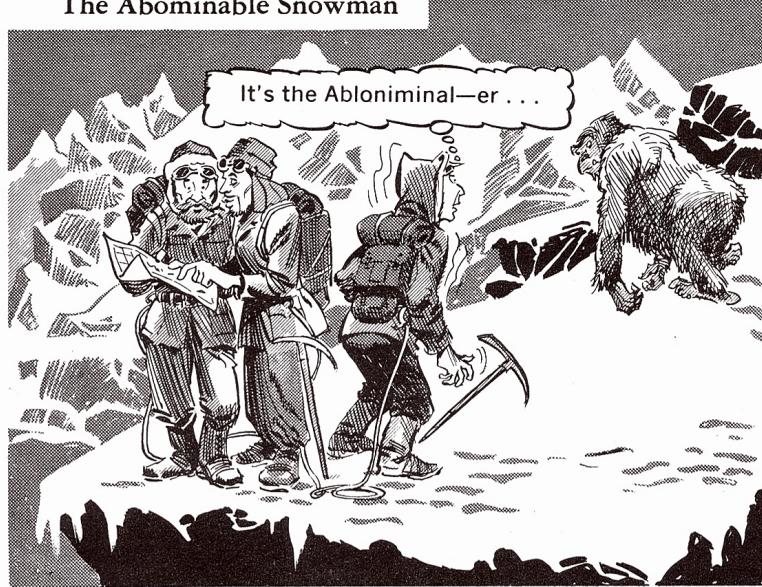




FREEZE FRAME DEPT.

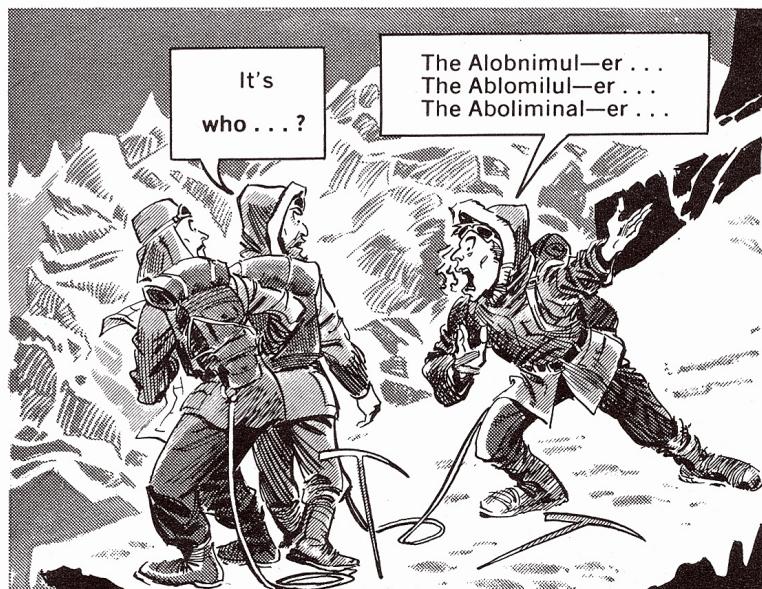
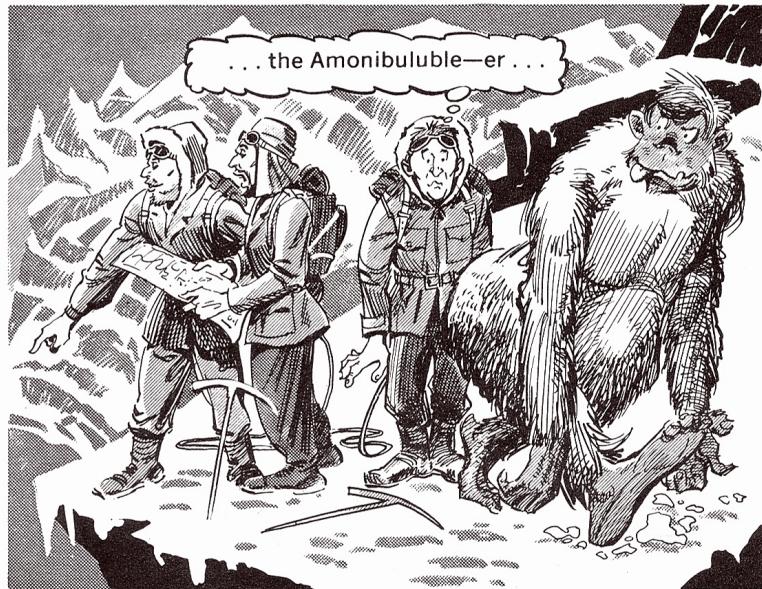
Scenes We'd Like to See

The Abominable Snowman



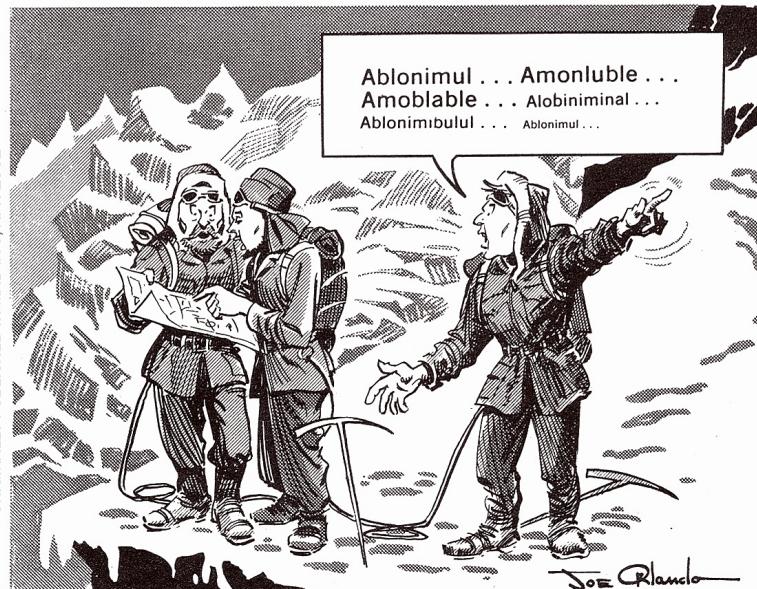
WRITER DON "DUCK" EDWING

ARTIST JOE ORLANDO



The Alobnimul—er ...
The Abloomil—er ...
The Aboliminal—er ...

ORIGINALY PUBLISHED IN MAD #70, APR 1962



Joe Orlando



GETTING THE DRIFT DEPT.

In 1897, Marconi invented the first wireless radio, which enabled man to transmit his voice across space . . . while Sidney L. Kvetch was clearing his snow-covered walk with a shovel.



In 1923, V. K. Zworykin invented the image iconoscope, which enabled man to transmit pictures across space—while Sidney L. Kvetch Jr. cleared his snow-covered walk with a shovel.



In 1961, Wernher Von Braun developed a missile program which enabled man to transmit himself across space—while Sidney L. Kvetch III cleared his snow-covered walk with a shovel.



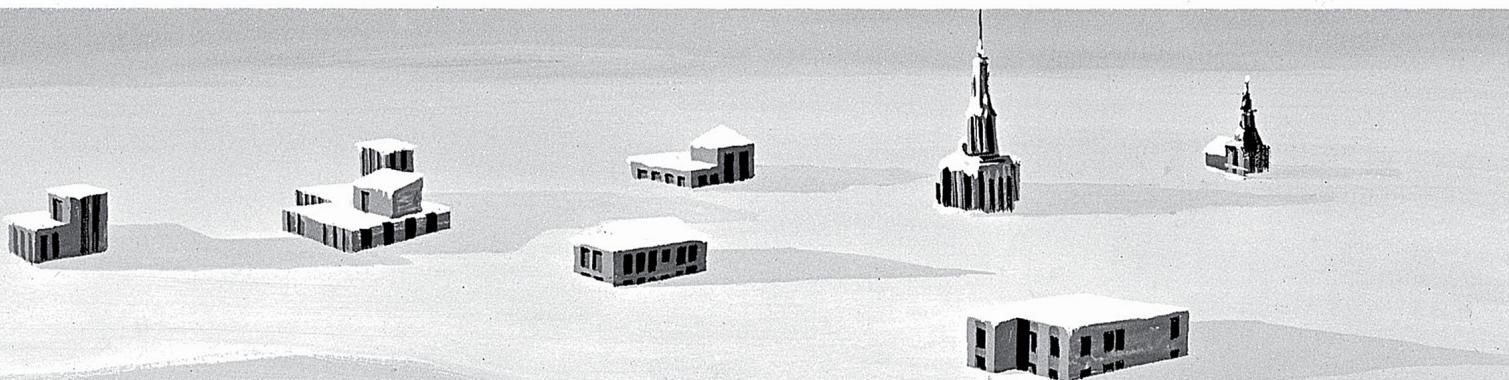
THIS IS KNOWN AS PROGRESS!

Nowadays, the only people who enjoy snowfalls are children, poets and nuts. The rest of us find it a drag. Northern communities suffer most because snow snarls traffic, wrecks business, and fills the streets with dirty wet slop. And how do we remove snow in this modern space age? Why, with that ingenious device, of course—the man with the shovel! Actually, this method succeeds in removing more people than snow, when you consider the number of heart attacks suffered by shovelers. However, there are great humanitarians hard at work solving this problem . . . recognizing that there's plenty of dough to be made if they can come up with an invention which would be the answer to—

MORE EFFICIENT SNOW REMOVAL

WRITER AL JAFFEE ARTIST BOB CLARKE

HEAVY SNOWFALLS PARALYZE MODERN LIFE



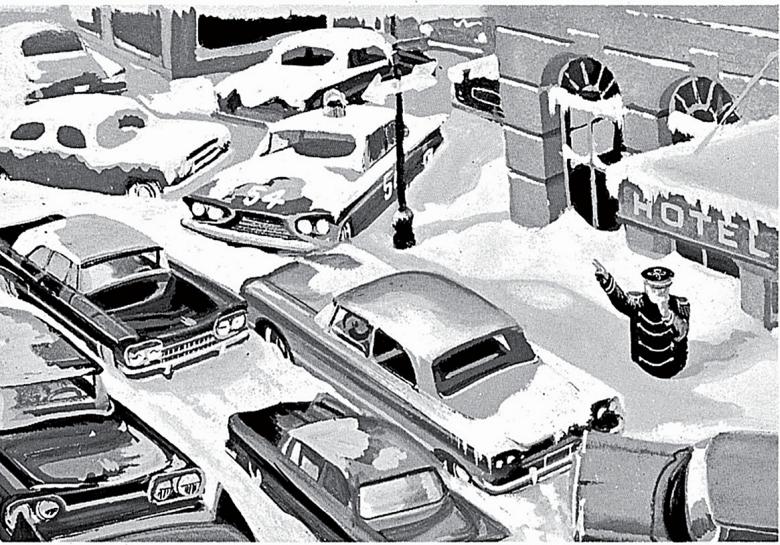
Clarke

TYPICAL LITTLE TOWN PARALYZED BY SNOW: Although this typical little town looks picturesque and peaceful under

its blanket of snow, it is actually in terrible shape . . . mainly because this typical little town is New York City!

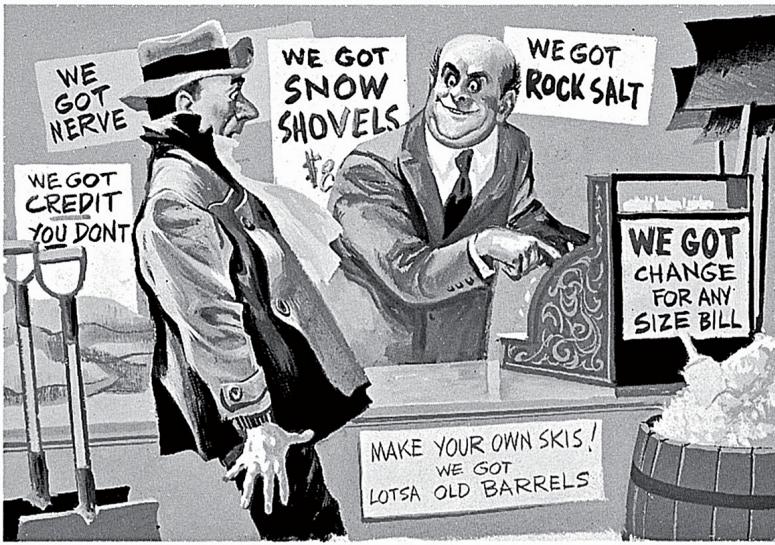
HOW HEAVY SNOWS PARALYZE

PARALYZED TRAFFIC



City traffic, locked in by snow, cannot budge. Of course, it cannot budge in summer either, but at least there are pretty girls in clinging dresses to watch while waiting.

PARALYZED CONSUMER TRADE



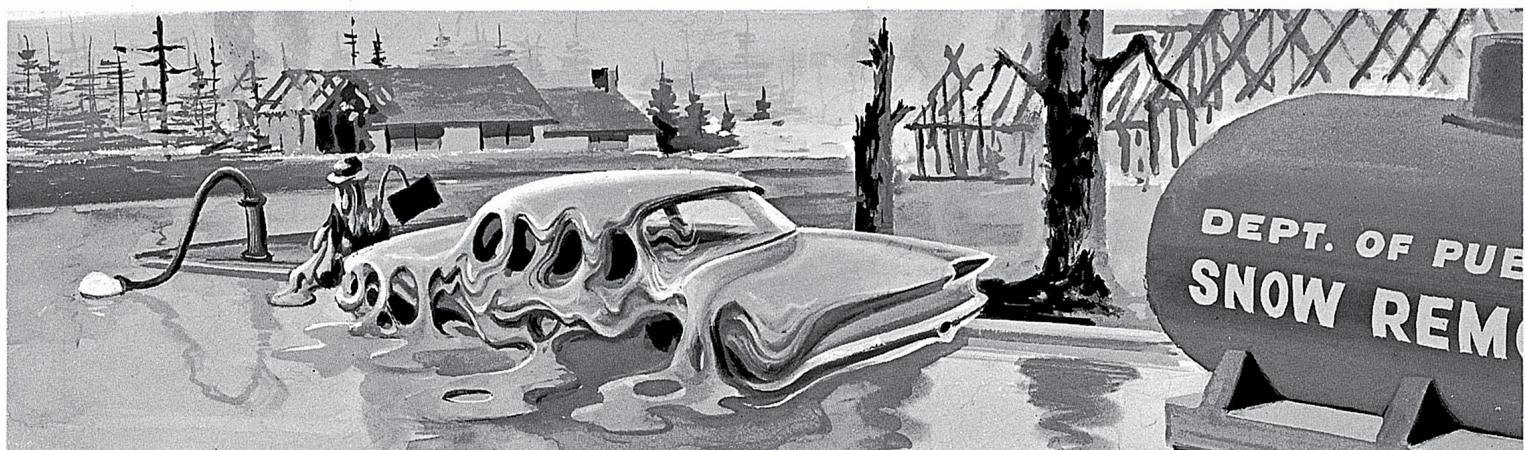
Naturally, retail businessmen suffer acutely during snow, except for a few opportunists who do well. Paralysis sets in when consumer hears prices of needed shovel, salt, etc.

SUGGESTED SOLUTIONS TO MODERN SCIENCE HAS COME UP

MECHANICAL SNOW MELTING PROCESS



This suggested solution involves a special machine which is mounted on a truck and shoots a jet stream of hot air at the snow. Of course, this jet stream must be quite hot, otherwise winter temperatures would render it ineffective.



Unfortunately, there are several drawbacks to this idea. First of all, if the jet stream of air is hot enough, it melts more than just the snow. Secondly, the melted snow soon freezes over again, locking everything in solid ice.

E MODERN LIFE IN THE CITY

PARALYZED COMMUTERS



Commuters in stalled trains are in real trouble. Hunger, coughing, tardiness are annoying. But real trouble comes from paralysis which sets in when heating systems fail.

PARALYZED PEDESTRIANS

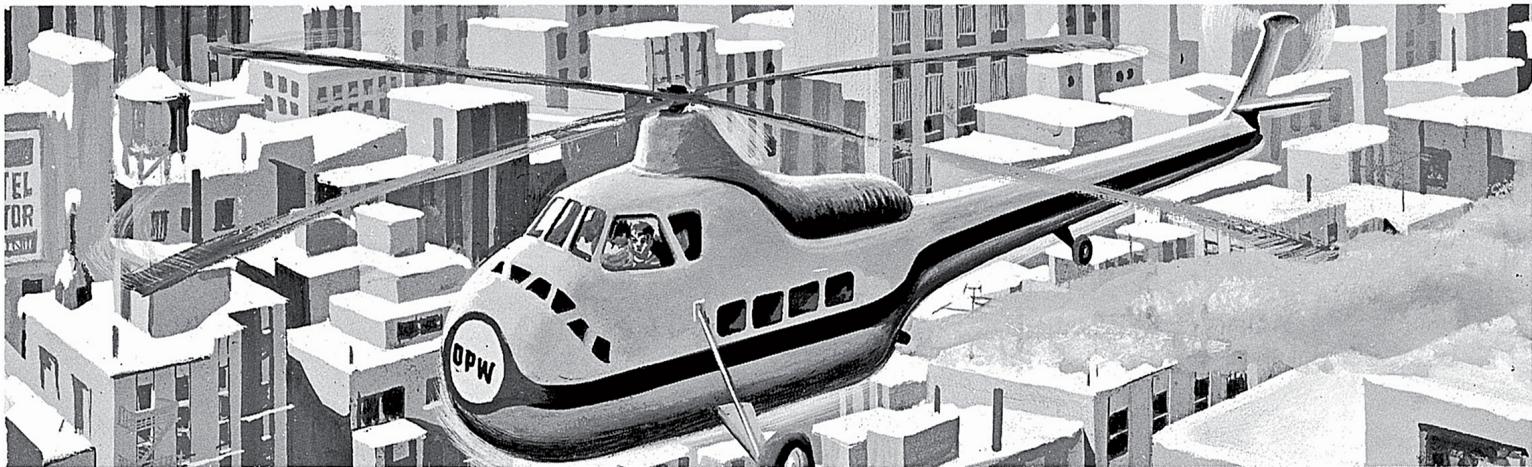


Frigid weather accompanying snow forces many pedestrians to seek shelter and warming drink. Paralysis sets in when too many warming drinks turn pedestrians stiff as boards.

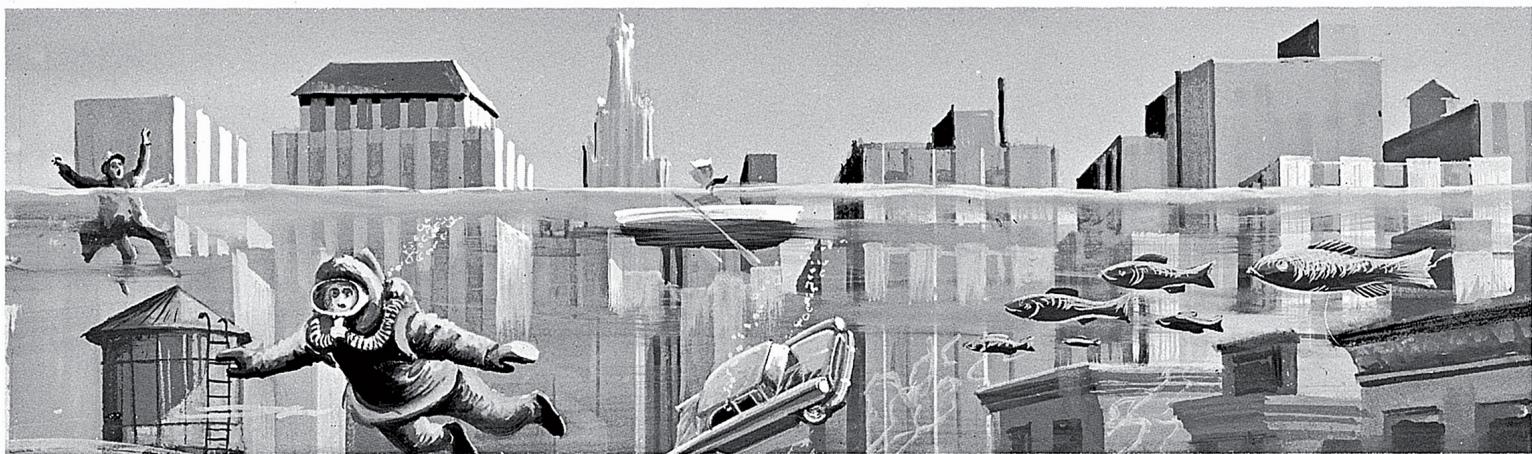
SNOW REMOVAL PROBLEM

WITH SOME POSSIBLE ANSWERS

CHEMICAL SNOW MELTING PROCESS



This ingenious solution requires the use of helicopters which sprinkle the city with thousands of gallons of some specially-developed chemical that melts snow and does not permit it to freeze again. This solves the snow problem.



Unfortunately, it does not solve the water problem, since there is no sewer system yet devised capable of handling that much melted snow at one time. Obviously, the present solutions to the problem of snow removal are inadequate.

MAD'S ULTIMATE SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM OF SNOW REMOVAL

THIS BRILLIANT IDEA IS OFFERED BY THE EDITORS—FREE—AS A PUBLIC SERVICE

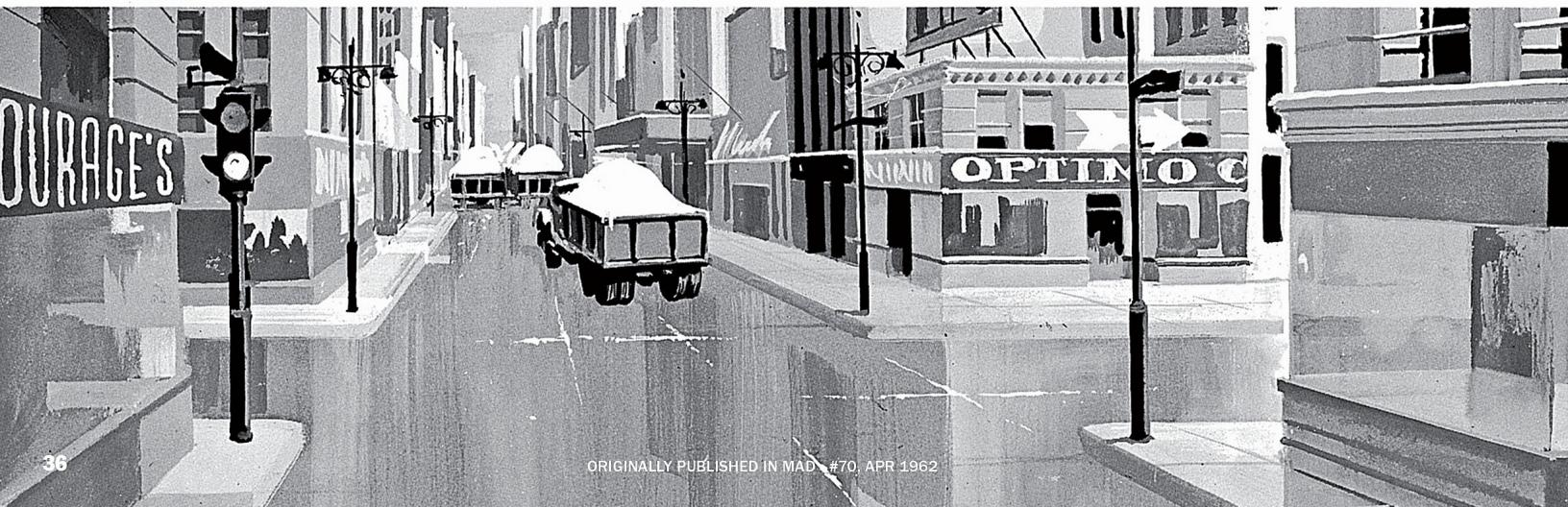


When Weather Bureau predicts imminent snowstorm, police, civil defense corps, etc., see to it that all city streets and sidewalks are immediately evacuated.



Thousands of dump trucks, previously chartered for just such an emergency, are then driven in and parked on every square inch of city streets and sidewalks.

When blizzard strikes and snow begins falling, it merely fills up the trucks. Then, after the storm passes, all they do is drive away and dump their loads.





SNOW MEANS SNOW DEPT.

FROSTY THE SNOWPERSON

Why have you made me emotionally capable of love, but not **physically** capable?

Well I wanted to give you a penis but he said you should be gender non-normative.

Would you like some nipples? **Everyone** has those.

WRITER & ARTIST JON ADAMS

No, I want arms that are strong enough to tip my hat to a passing woman.

I think if you take the magic hat off you die.

Can you shape me into something more realistic? Or at least capable of hugging?

Sure!

Hours later...

You call these **arms**? And look at the rest of me. What have you done?!

Too many cooks in the kitchen, I guess. We're not professional sculptors.

Some people would be grateful to be brought to life. If you're **that** dissatisfied, just wait until spring and you'll melt away.

That spring...

Help! It didn't work!

I'm still alive but now I'm just a puddle. Hello?

The End



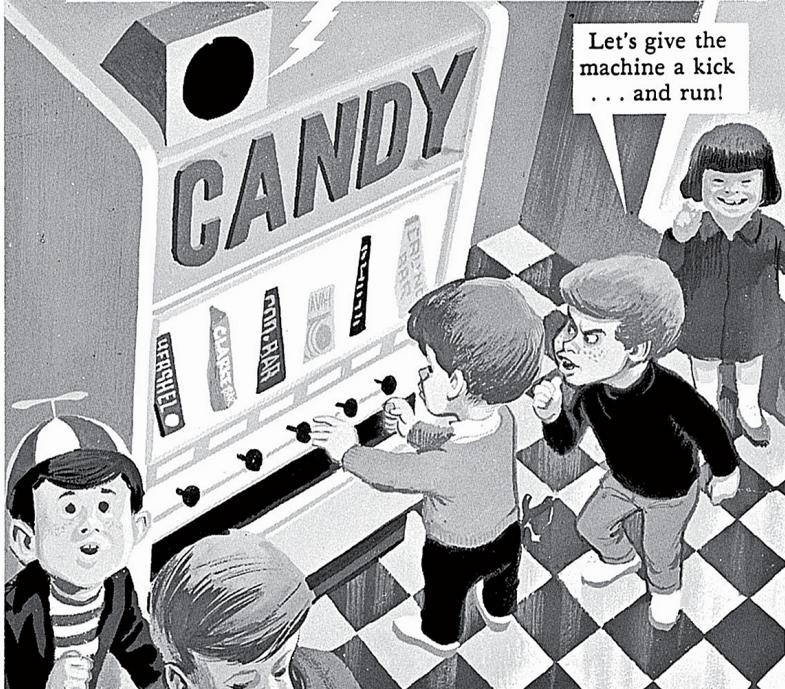
Hooray for the 20th century. Automation has made man obsolete. What service can a human being the cool efficiency of modern automated machines, there seems to be something missing—mainly, the automatic self-service elevator, somehow we miss the dull conversation of the chatty elevator man

LET'S HUMANIZE THOS

HUMANIZING THE CANDY MACHINE THAT HAS REPLACED THE COLORFUL CANDY STORE OWNER

Don't lean against the glass! Who's supposed to wipe off your greasy fingerprints? How much money have you got? Show me! Okay, hurry up, make your selection, and get out! I haven't got all day! Come in here with a lousy dime and think you own the place. And don't think I'm not wise to your tricks! If you want something to steal, steal it from someplace else . . . like the cigarette machine!

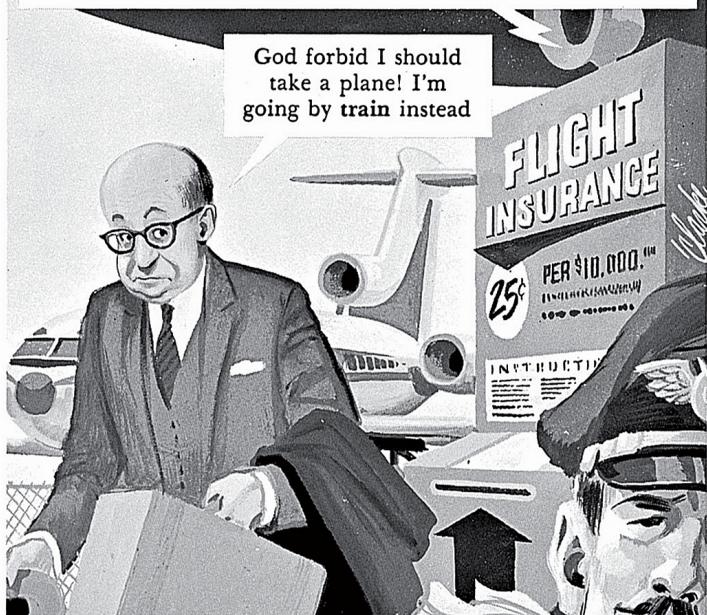
Let's give the machine a kick . . . and run!



THE AIRPORT INSURANCE MACHINE THAT HAS REPLACED THE MAUDLIN INSURANCE AGENT

Congratulations! Obviously, you are a person who takes his responsibilities to his family seriously. If, God forbid, something should happen to you, your loved ones are now protected. And if, God forbid, something should happen to you, your children's college tuition will be provided. We must look upon insurance as a positive thing. No one knows what the future has in store. If, God forbid, something happened to you without insurance, how could you, God forbid, go someplace, God forbid, knowing that you had, God forbid, failed those who depend upon you?

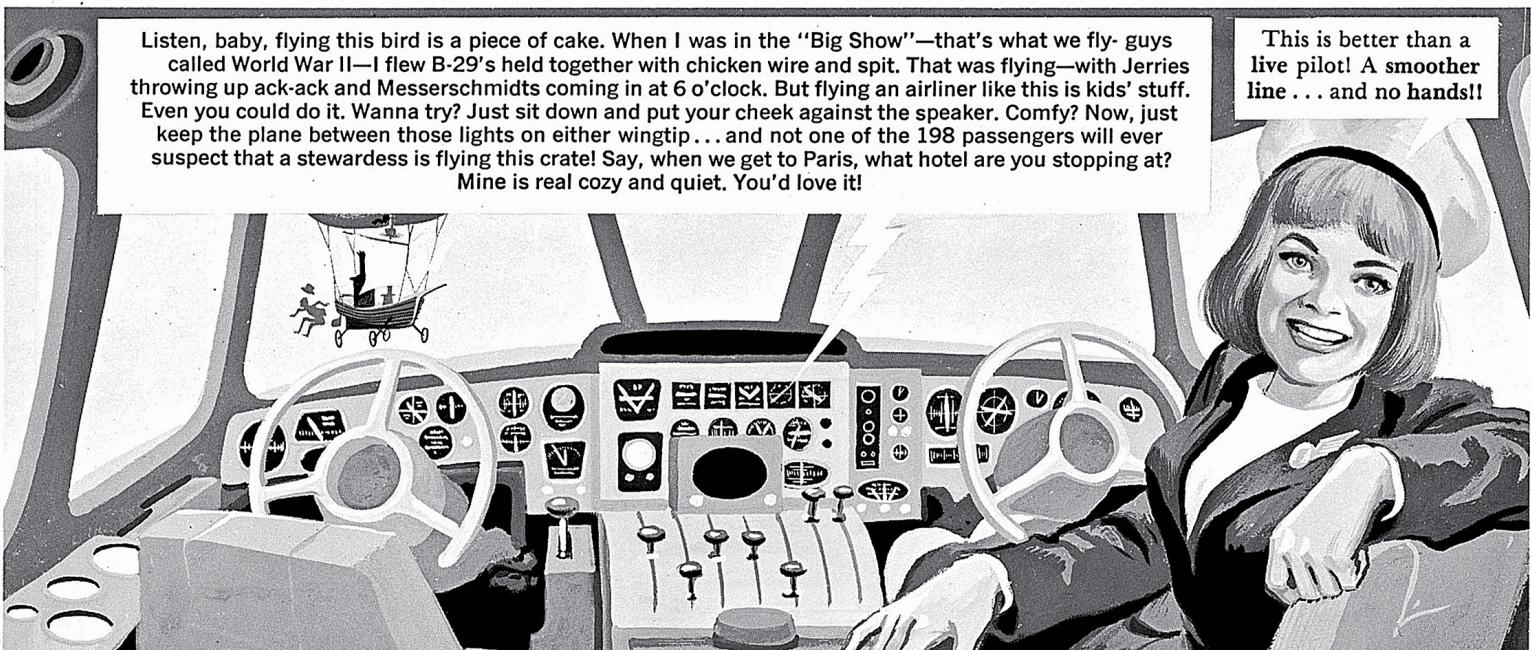
God forbid I should take a plane! I'm going by train instead



HUMANIZING THE AUTOMATIC PILOT THAT REPLACES THE LIVE PILOT

Listen, baby, flying this bird is a piece of cake. When I was in the "Big Show"—that's what we fly—guys called World War II—I flew B-29's held together with chicken wire and spit. That was flying—with Jerries throwing up ack-ack and Messerschmidts coming in at 6 o'clock. But flying an airliner like this is kids' stuff. Even you could do it. Wanna try? Just sit down and put your cheek against the speaker. Comfy? Now, just keep the plane between those lights on either wingtip . . . and not one of the 198 passengers will ever suspect that a stewardess is flying this crate! Say, when we get to Paris, what hotel are you stopping at? Mine is real cozy and quiet. You'd love it!

This is better than a live pilot! A smoother line . . . and no hands!!



perform that can't be done better today by a machine (and don't get smutty, buster!)? But despite warmth and personality of the individual who once performed these services. When we step into an who once ran it. Why not bring all that back? For instance, let's install tape recorders, and . . .



USE AUTOMATED MACHINES

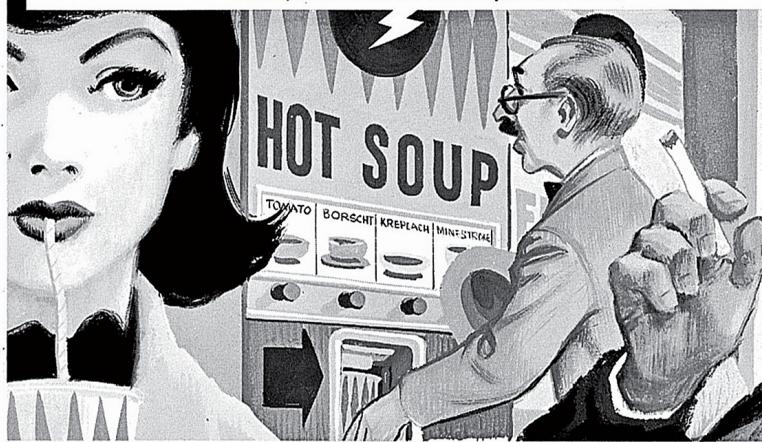
WRITER STAN HART ARTIST BOB CLARKE

THE HOT SOUP MACHINE THAT HAS REPLACED THE OVERPROTECTIVE MOTHER

That's a good boy! You need something hot in your stomach on a cold day like this! Don't gobble your food! Drink it slowly, or you'll get cramps. And don't forget to drink every last drop. I hope you dressed warm! There's a lot of flu going around. I know you don't like me to nag, but I worry about the way you neglect your health. And before you leave, I want you to go over to the other machine and take a piece of fruit!

I'm through!
Let's go!

Okay, but first I
have to kiss the
machine goodbye!



THE HOME HAIR DRYER THAT HAS REPLACED THE GOSSIPY BEAUTICIAN

Honey, you're going to look like a dream when you're done! Your husband won't be able to keep his eyes, much less his hands off you. And let me tell you, that's important in this day and age—what with all the scandals and divorces! We girls have to fight to hold our men—know what I mean? Just the other day, a customer, I won't mention her name—told me she caught her husband with another woman. I was shocked. I would never believe the Principal of our local high school—I won't mention his name—would do a thing like that! Oh, when you're in this line, you hear all kinds of stories. I tell you, I could write a book . . .

Well, let me tell you
about my husband . . .



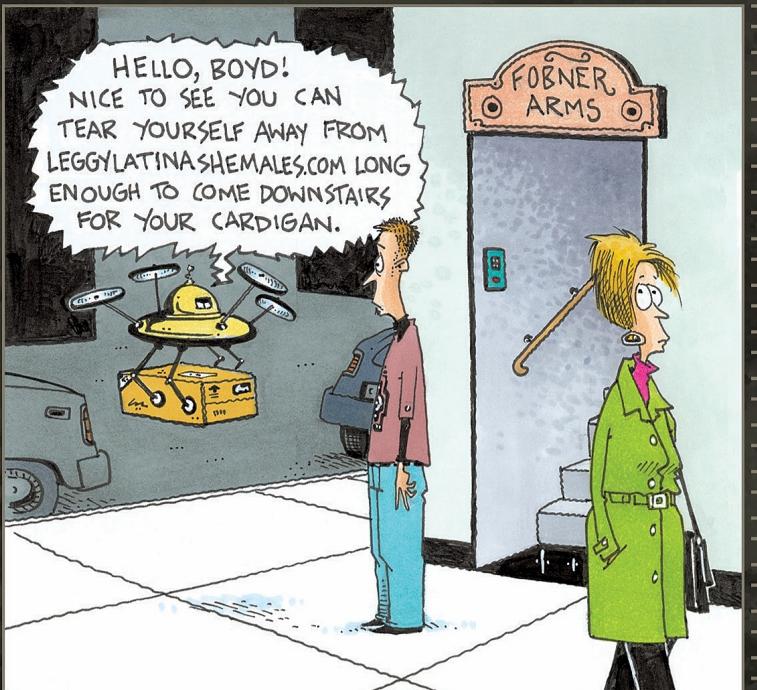
THE SELF-SERVICE ELEVATOR THAT HAS REPLACED THE CHATTY ELEVATOR MAN

Hot enough for you? It's not bad in here with the air conditioning, huh? But between you and me, I could live without air conditioning. It gives me colds. Hey, how about those Dodgers? Can you imagine paying Sandy Koufax a measly \$40,000 a year? Say, how old do you think I am? Take a guess! 35, 40, 50? Go ahead, guess! Well, I'm 53 years old. I swear it. You wouldn't think so, would you? Well, here's something else you won't believe. I never went to college! Not even high school! I swear—

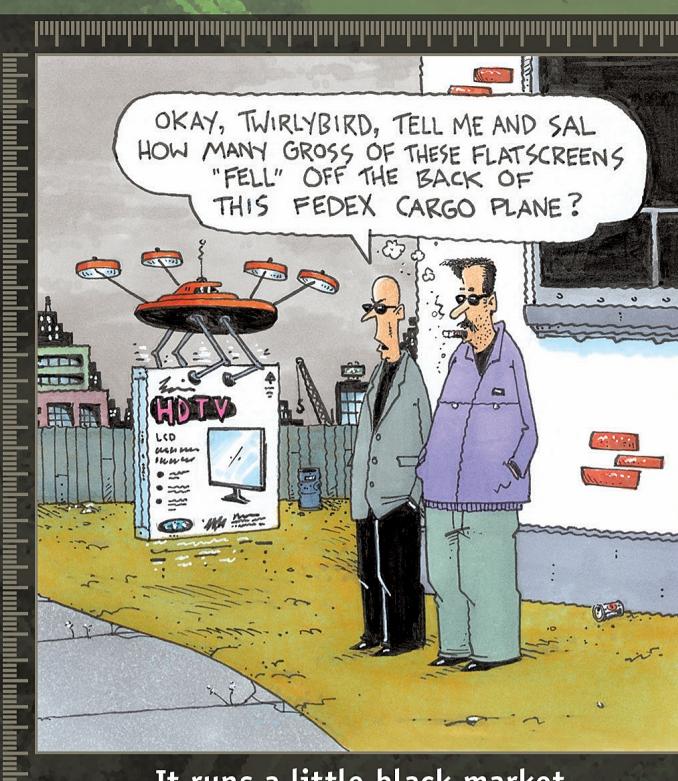
Oops! I slept right
past my floor!

ORIGINAL PUBLISHED IN MAD #99, DEC 1965





It flaunts all the personal information that it's hacked into through your Amazon account



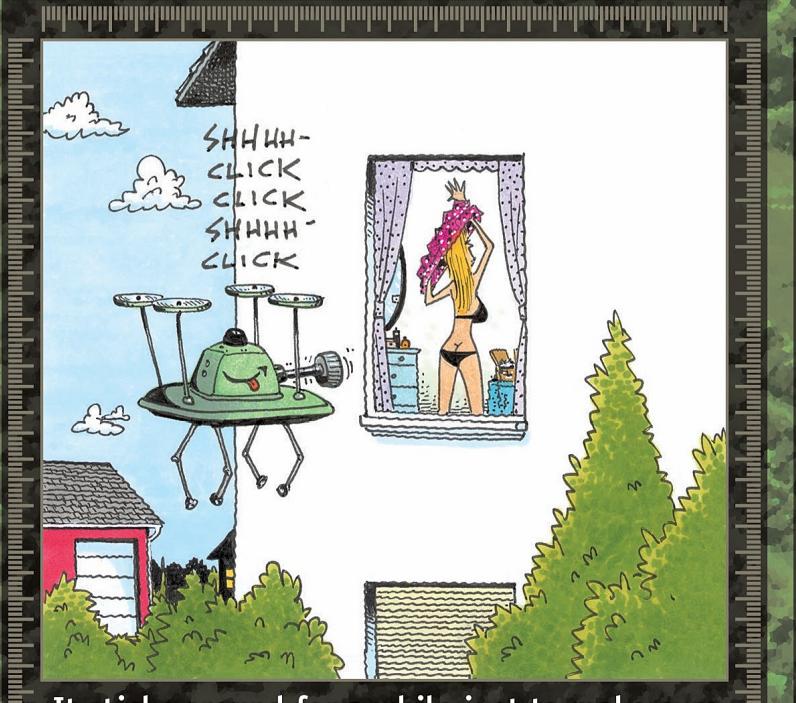
It runs a little black market operation on the side



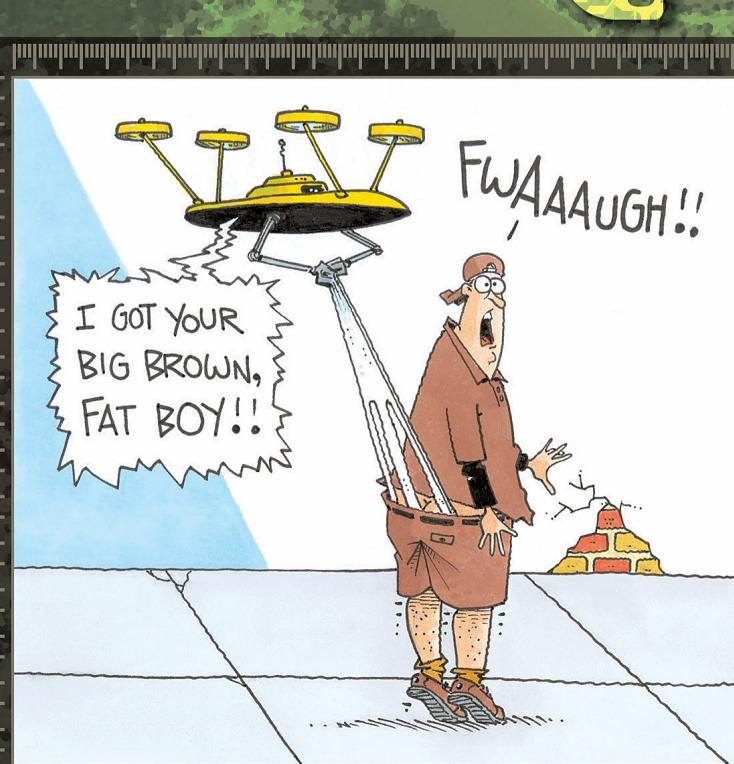
SHIP HAPPENS DEPT.

Many years ago, John (Hammerhead) Caldwell began chronicling the vile deeds being perpetrated on that have come under Caldwell's unforgiving microscope. Today, only a fool would argue that

WHEN DELIVERY



It sticks around for a while just to make sure that Victoria's Secret stuff fits okay



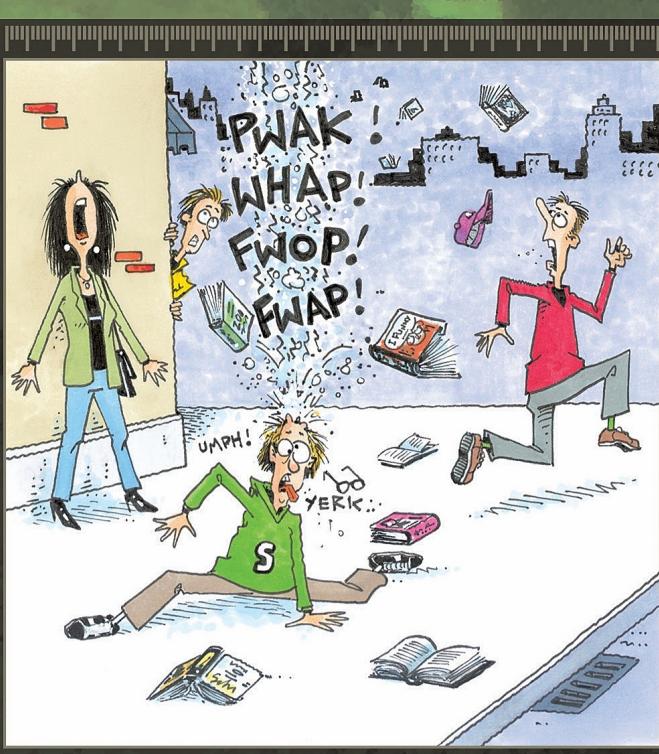
It cruelly bullies FedEx and UPS drivers



It makes highly inappropriate deliveries



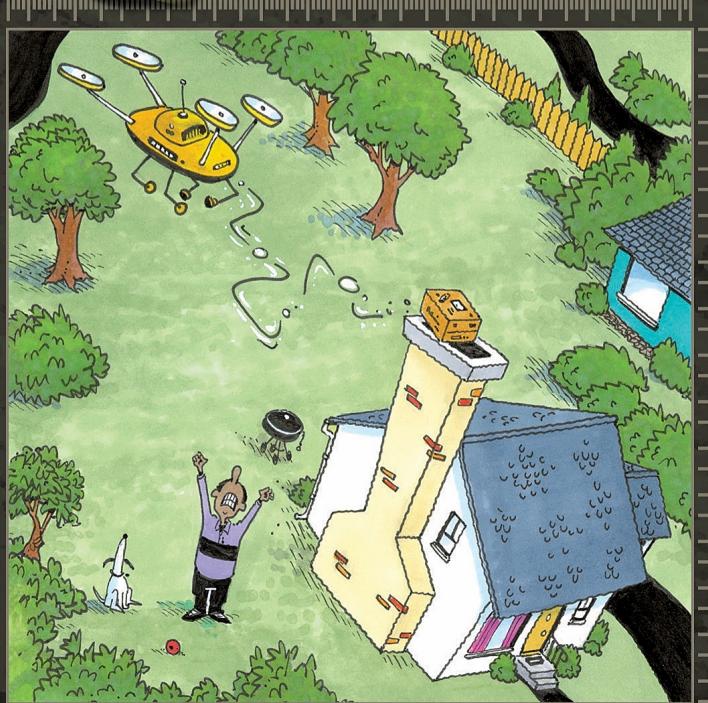
unsuspecting good people by evil-doers. Priests, veterinarians and tattoo artists are just some of the groups the man isn't doing God's work. But more work remains, and the struggle continues. All hail Mr. Caldwell!



The number of random James Patterson assaults will skyrocket

DRONES GO BAD

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #527, JUN 2014



It screws with the coordinates just to make deliveries more interesting



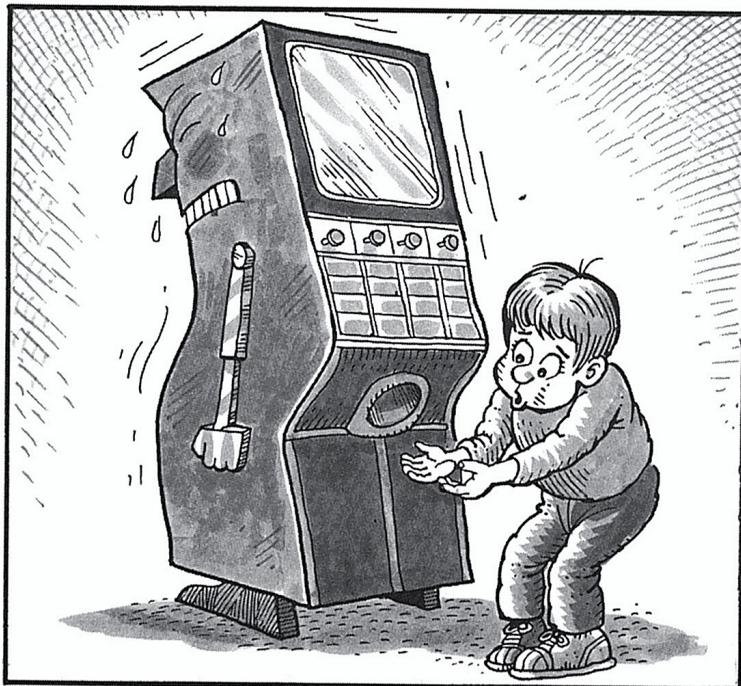
Can you say "Gratuity Shakedowns"?



COMPUTER VIRUS CRIPPLES
MILITARY DATA NETWORK

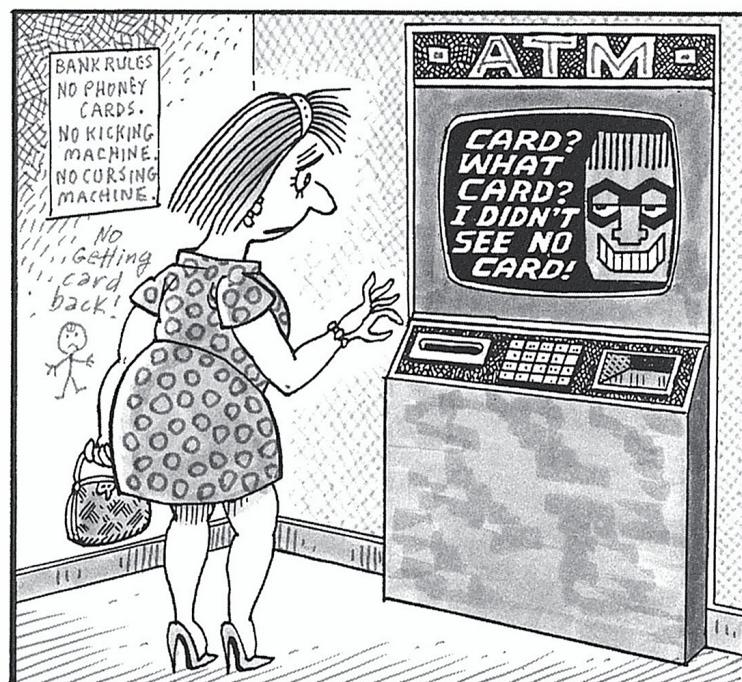
SHUTTLE WOES BLAMED
ON SOFTWARE BUGS

"Computer Virus?" "Software Bug?" No surprise to us! We've known all along that machines are susceptible to the same diseases we humans are! In fact, although the computer ailments have been getting all the publicity, there are all sorts of poor, sick, mechanical devices out there, that are suffering from...



Vending Machine CONSTIPATION

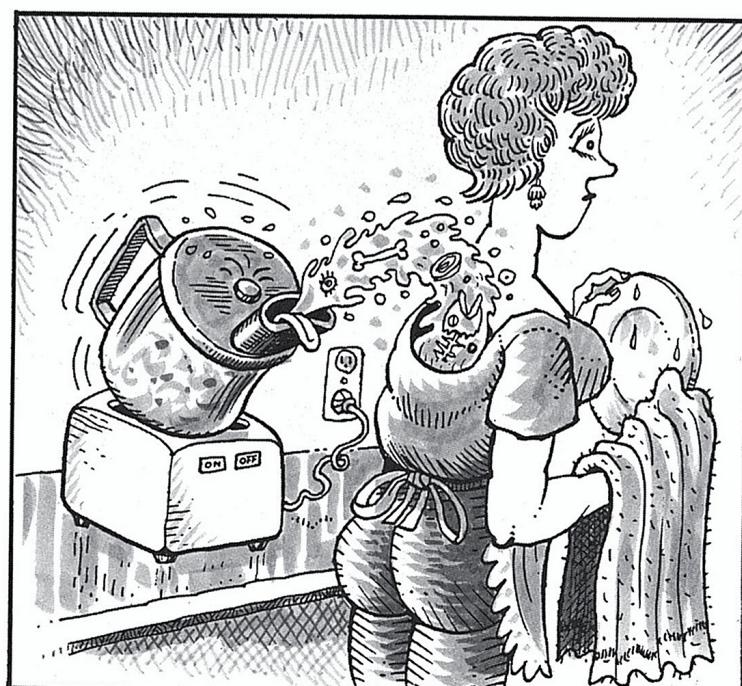
OTHER OF THE MACH



Automated Teller KLEPTOMANIA



Fast-Food Intercom LARYNGITIS



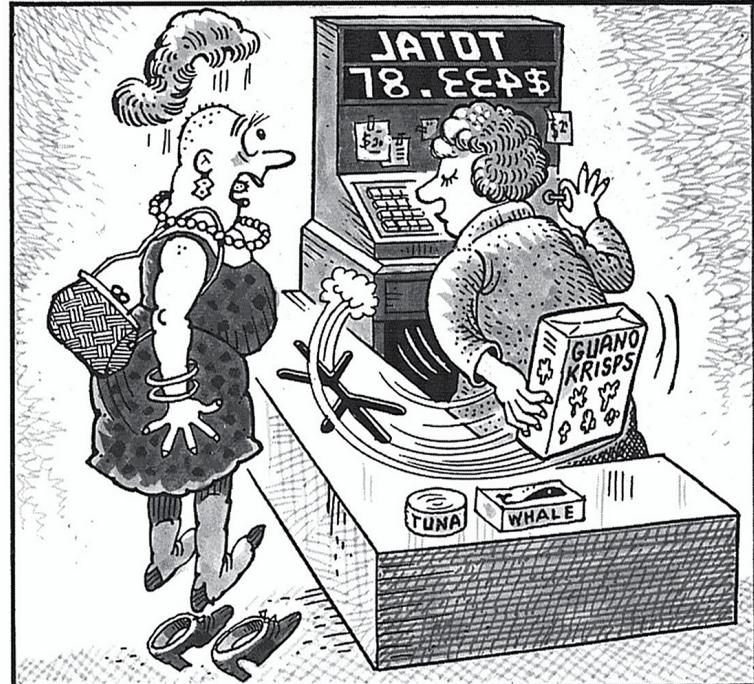
Food Processor NAUSEA

“DISEASES” IN THE WORLD

WRITER MIKE SNIDER ARTIST AL JAFFEE



Slurpee Machine **DIARRHEA**



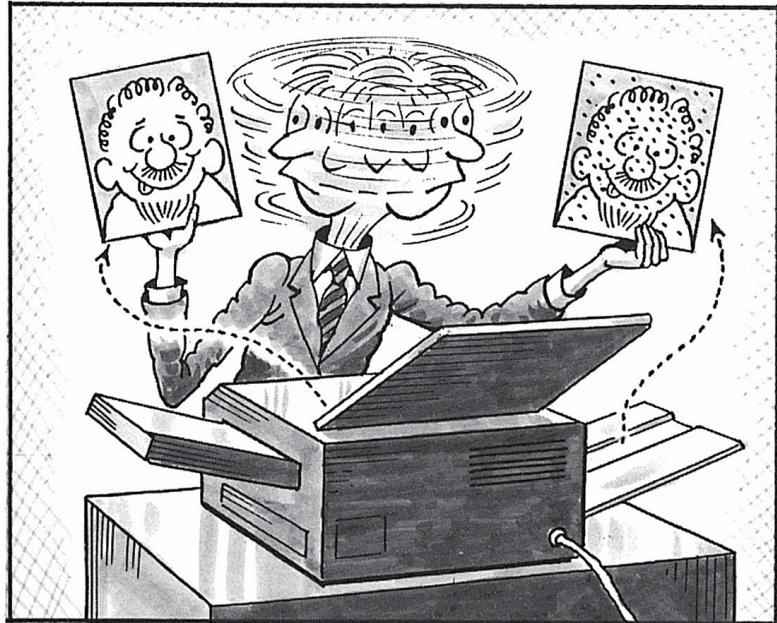
Bar-Code Scanner **DYSLEXIA**



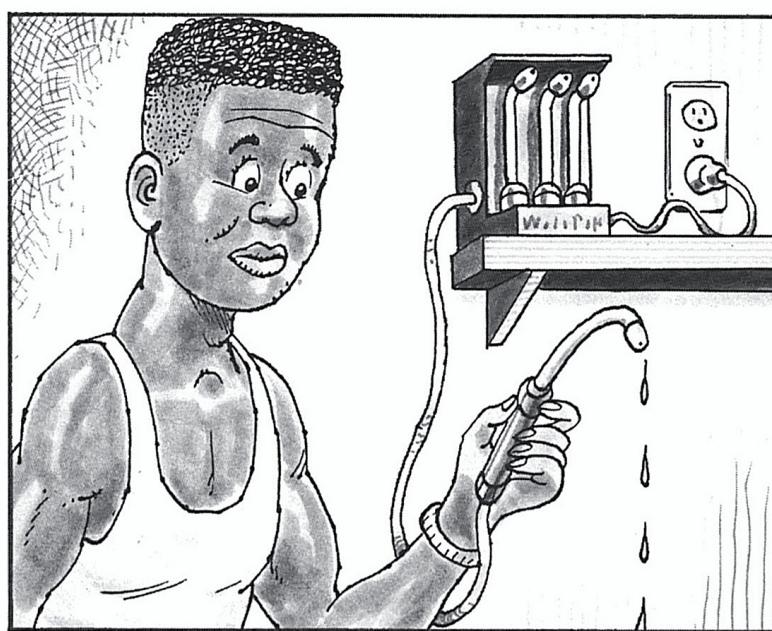
Electric Can Opener **TRENCHMOUTH**



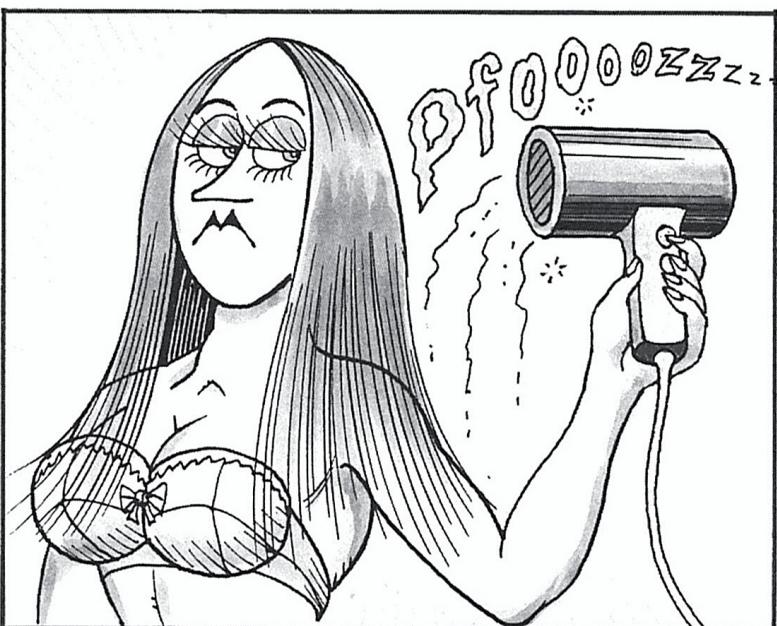
Airport Metal Detector **HALLUCINATIONS**



Copy Machine MEASLES



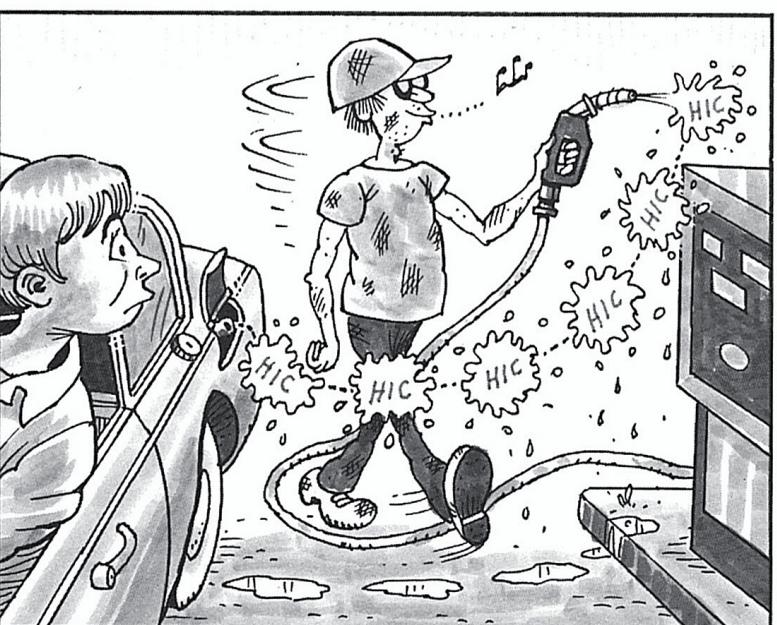
Water Pic IMPOTENCE



Hair Dryer EMPHYSEMA



Air Conditioner INCONTINENCE



Gas Pump Nozzle HICCUPS

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #309, MAR 1992



Bathroom Towel Dispenser LOCKJAW



Technological innovations drive efficiency and economic growth, often by sending obsolete tools to the dump. Once-ubiquitous items like pay phones, cassette players, and typewriters are now mainly kept by collectors, hoarders, and hipsters (if at all). We sure hope humans won't join these remnants of a bygone era, but only...

IF WISHES WERE HORSES

WRITER & ARTIST IVAN EHRLERS

When I was **your age**, my grandpappy said **everybody** owned a **horse**...

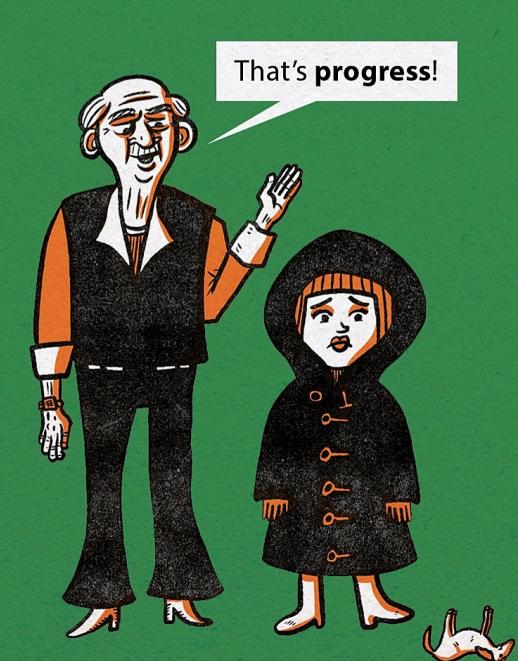
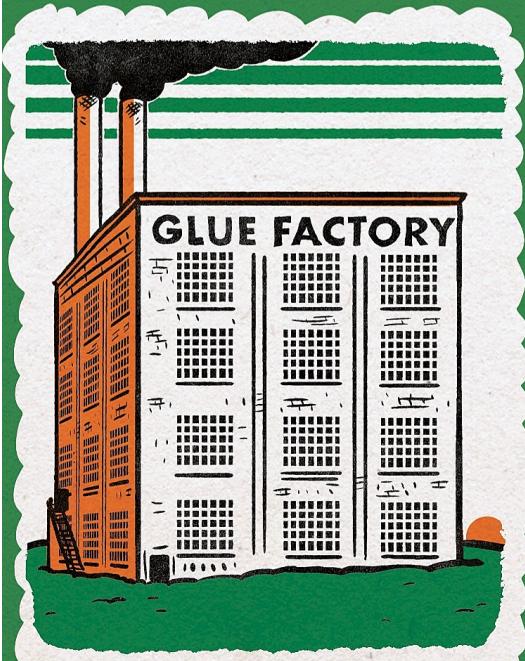
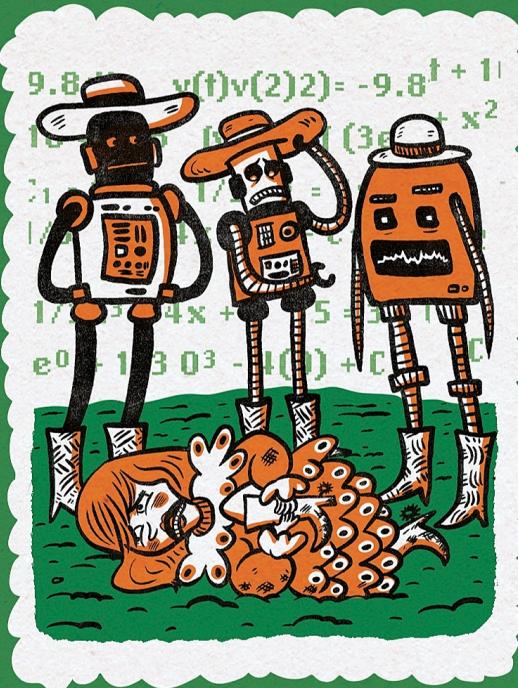
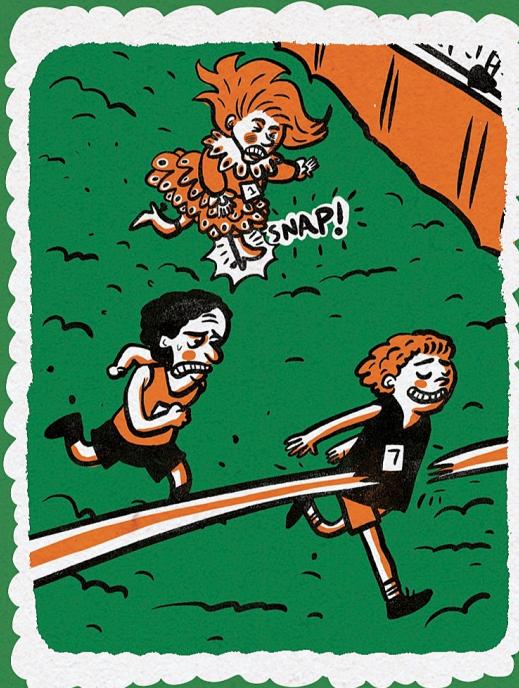
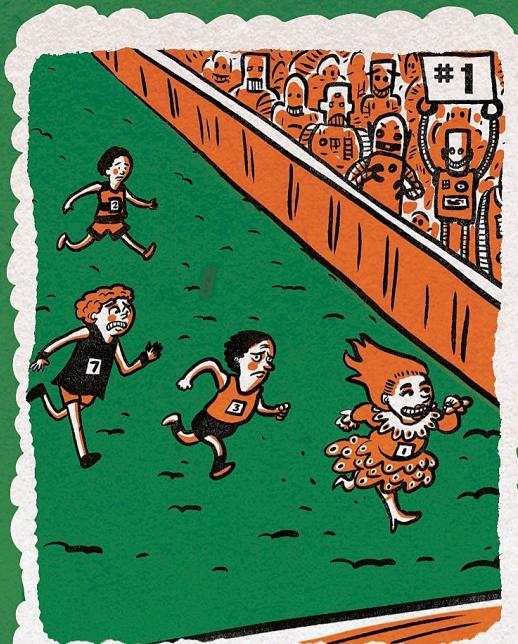
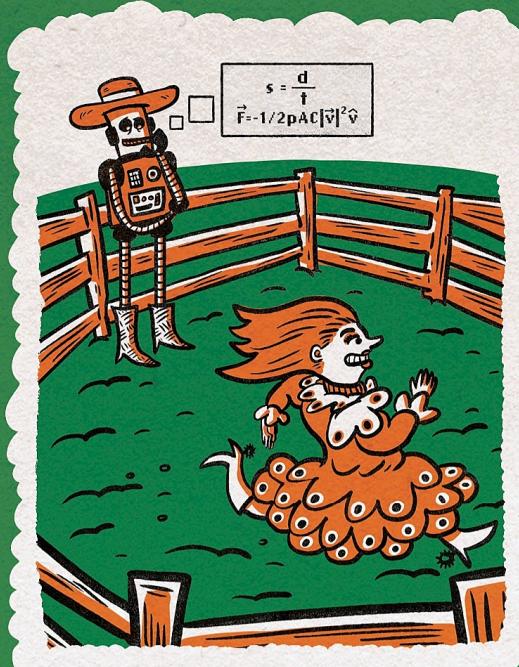
...then **cars** came along and horses went from **indispensable** to **obsolete** and **irrelevant**.

Now it's happening again with **artificial intelligence**...

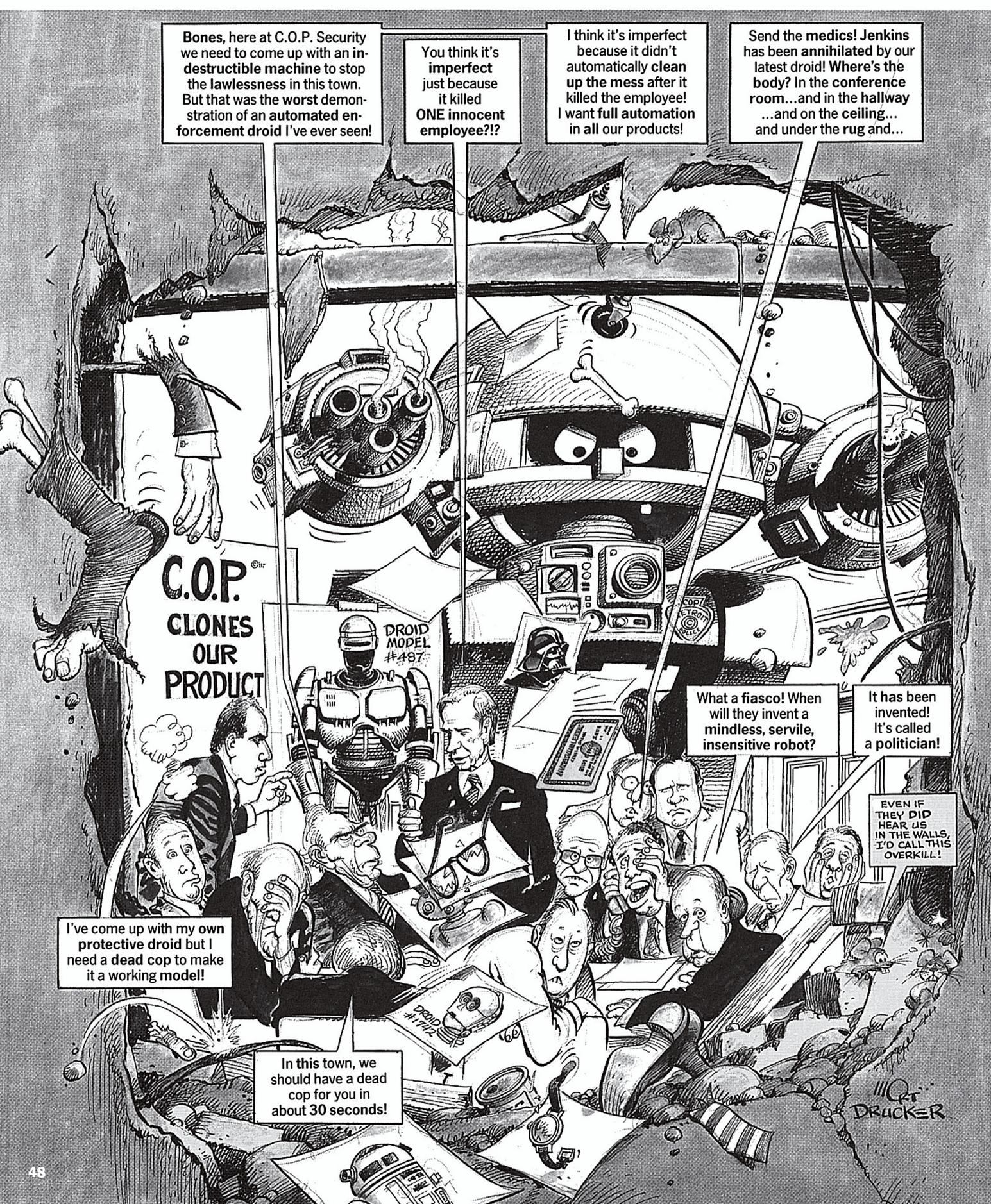


...except this time,
humans are the **horses**!





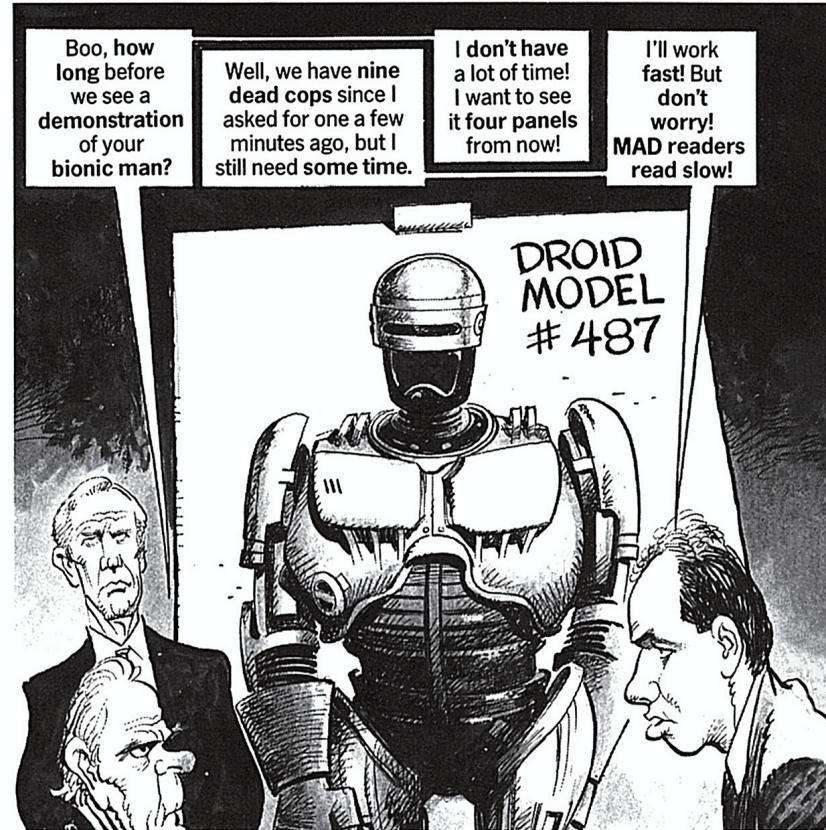
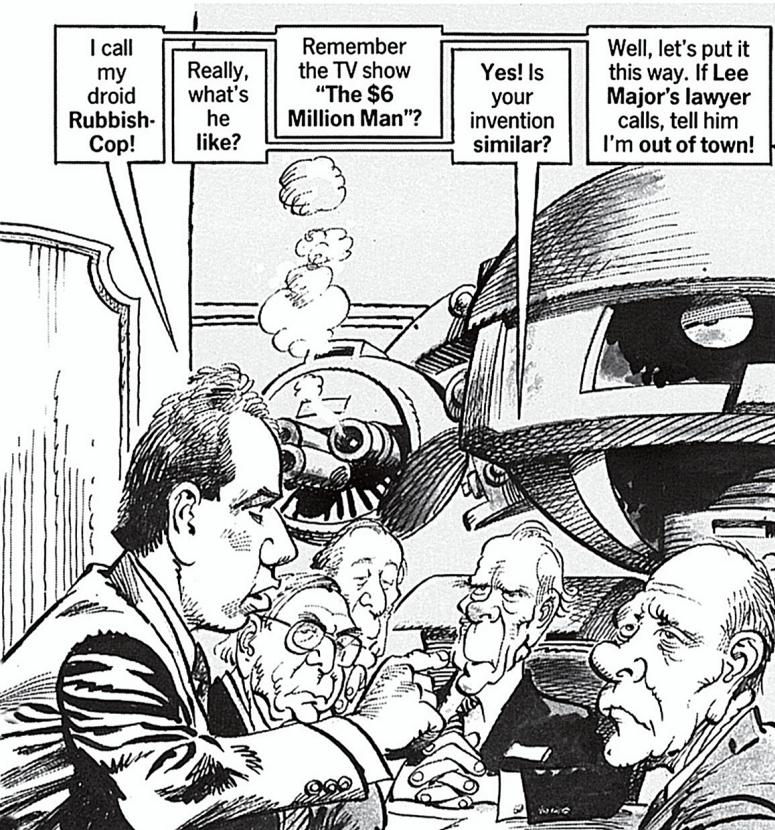
There was a movie out this summer in which the main characters caused violence, torture, death, anarchy and senseless property damage—and they were the good guys! The bad guys were responsible for even *more* misery and wreckage! But the destruction caused by the good guys and bad guys combined was nothing when compared to the incredible carnage caused by...

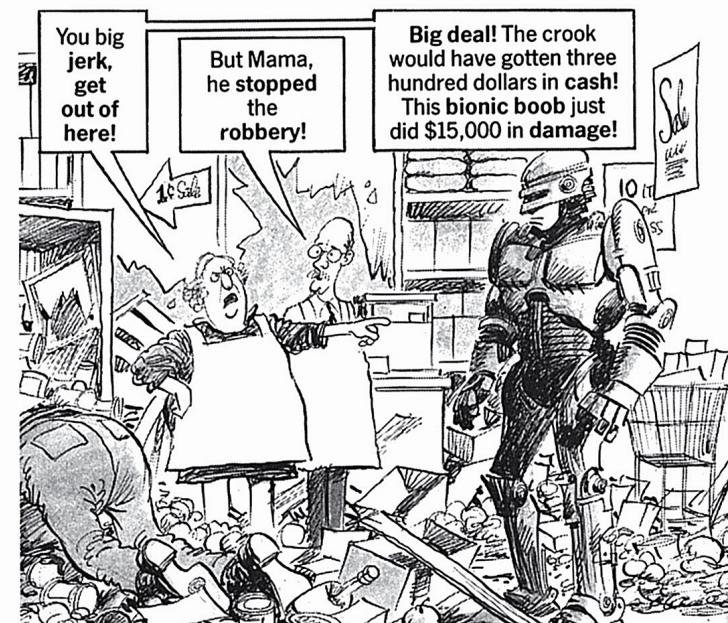
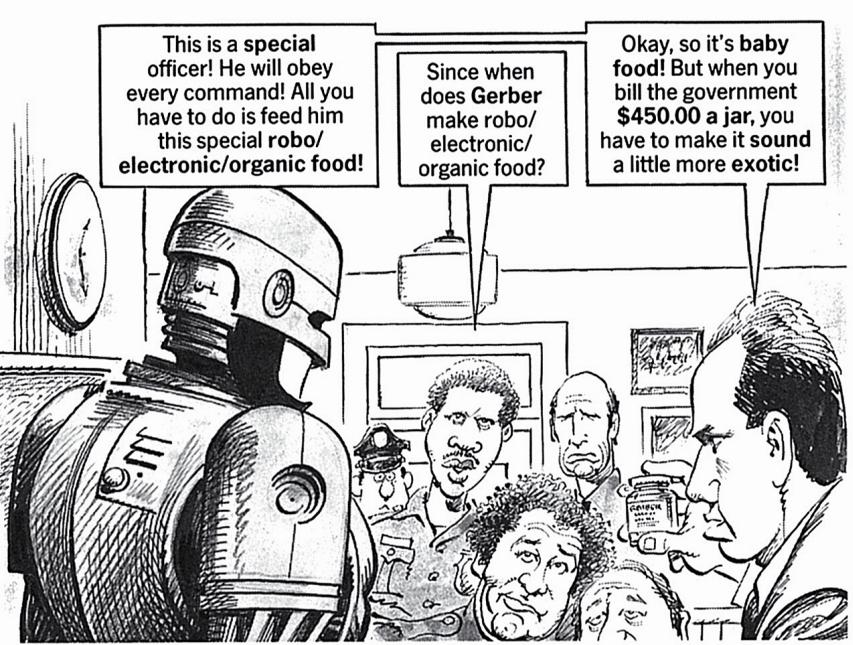
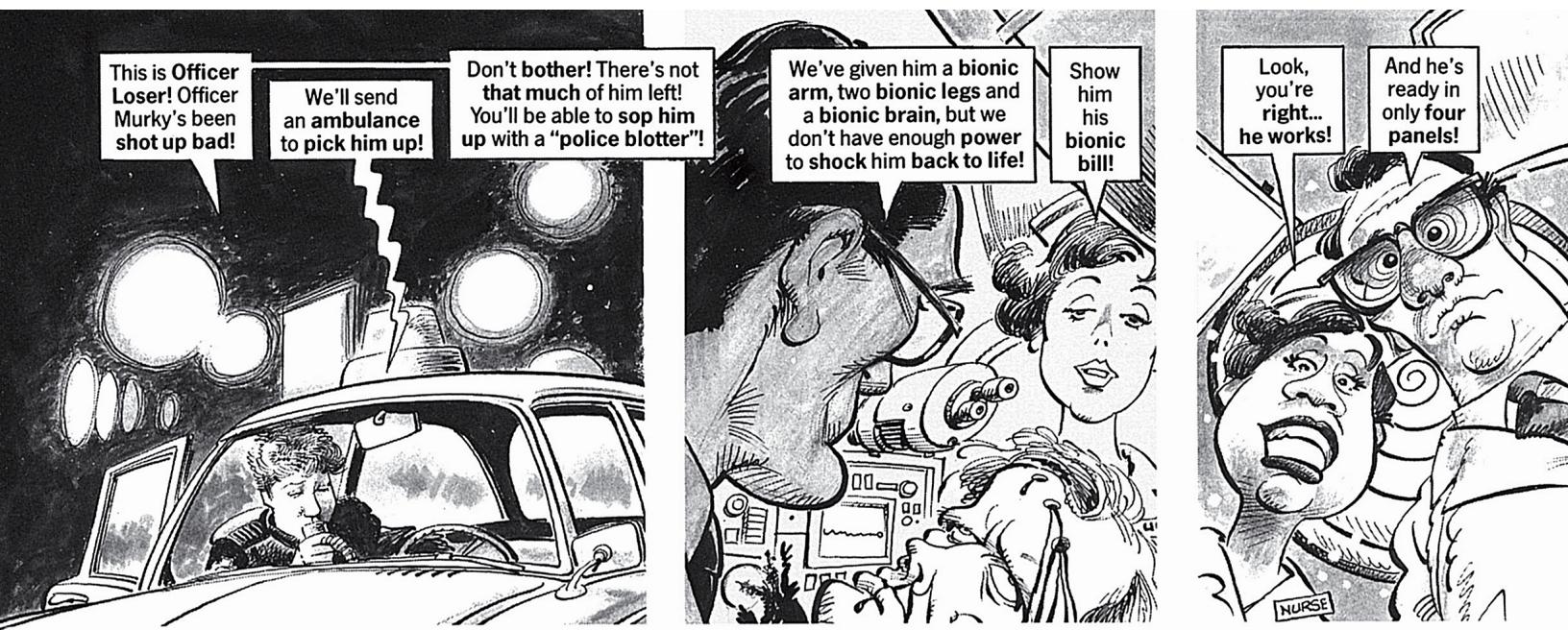


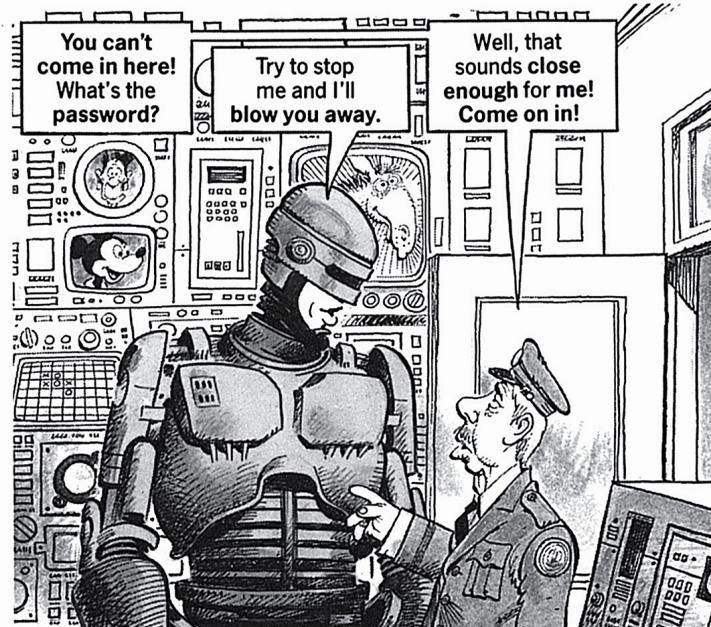
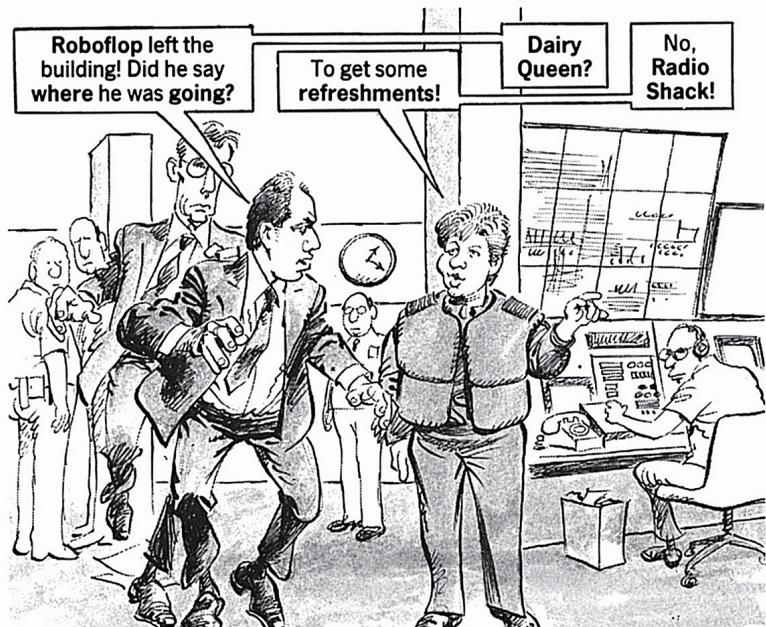
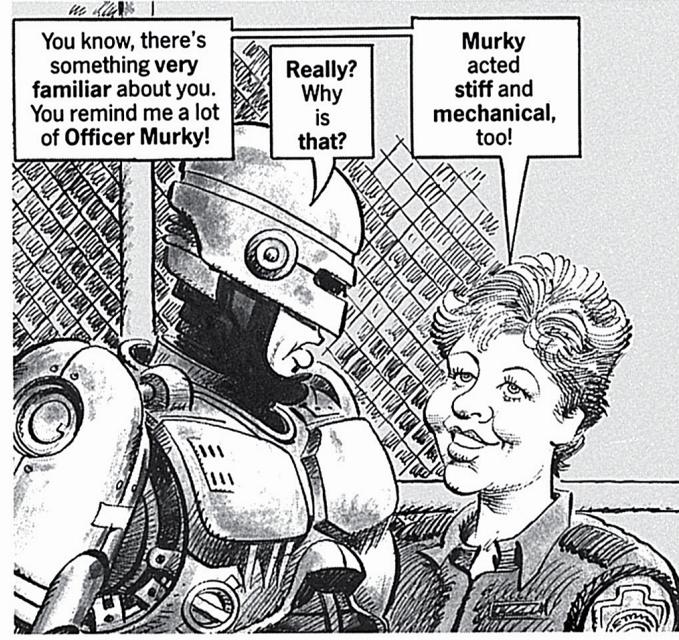
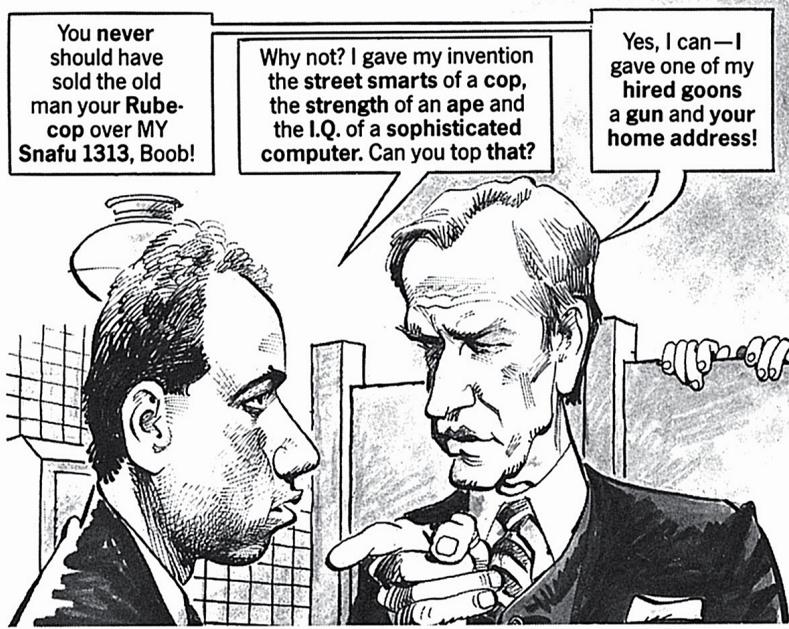
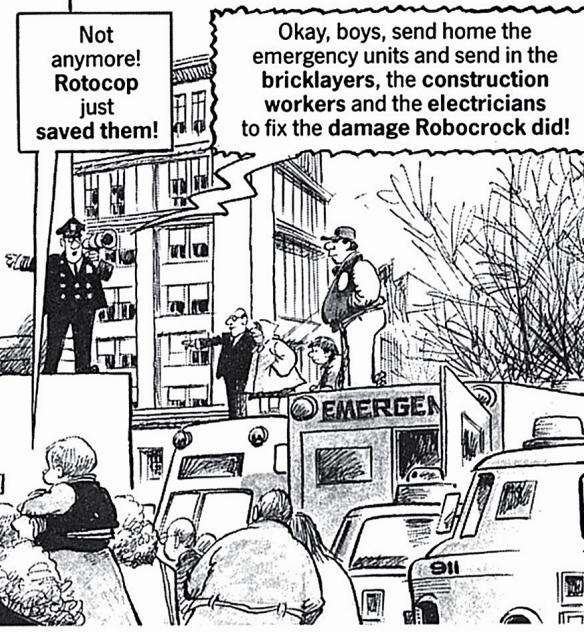
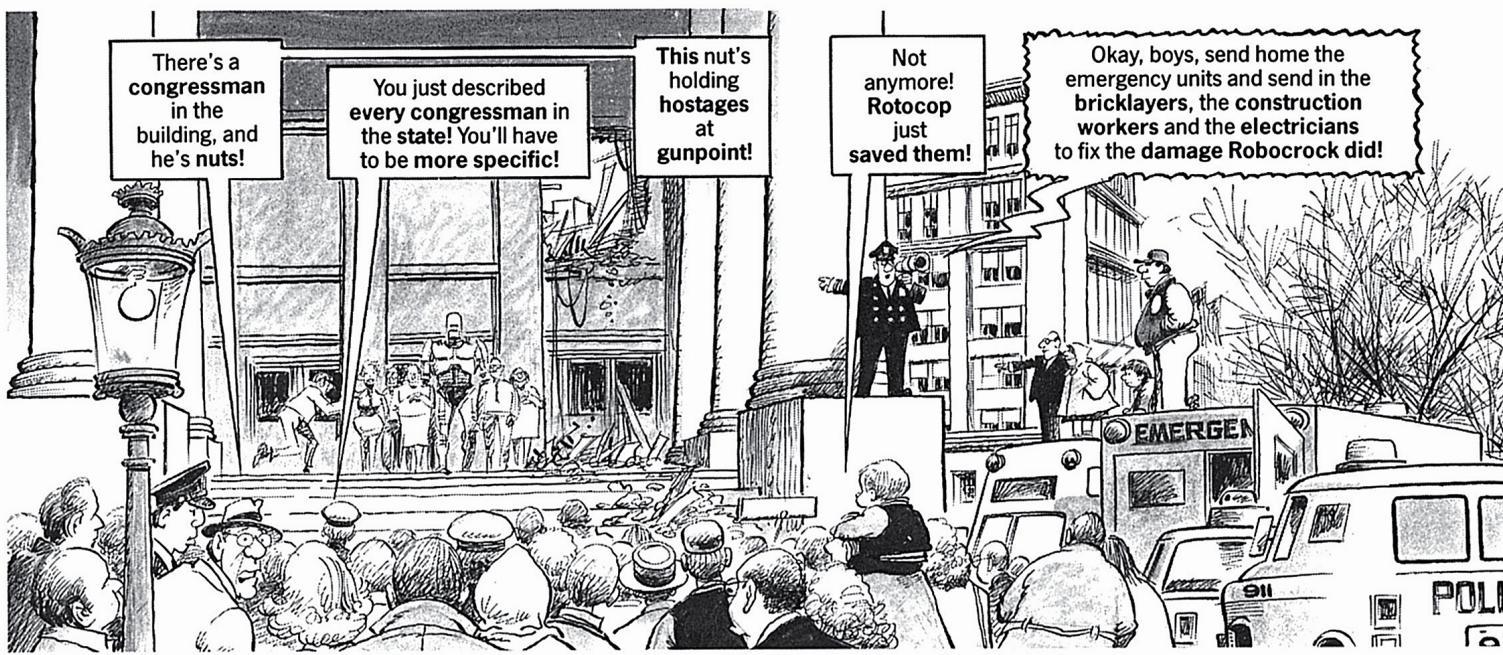
KROBOSLOP

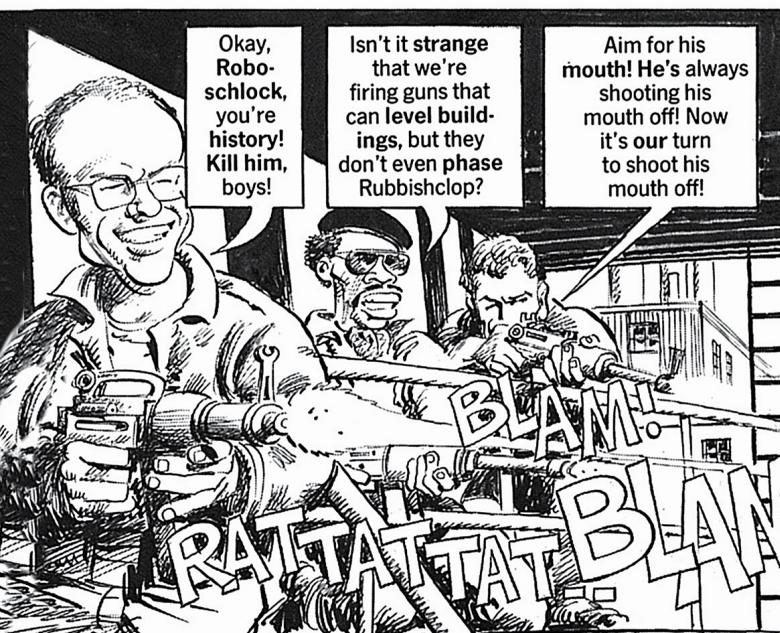
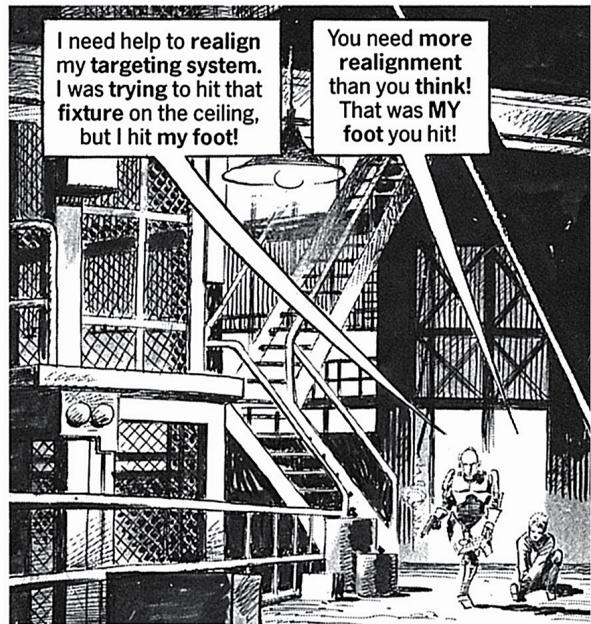
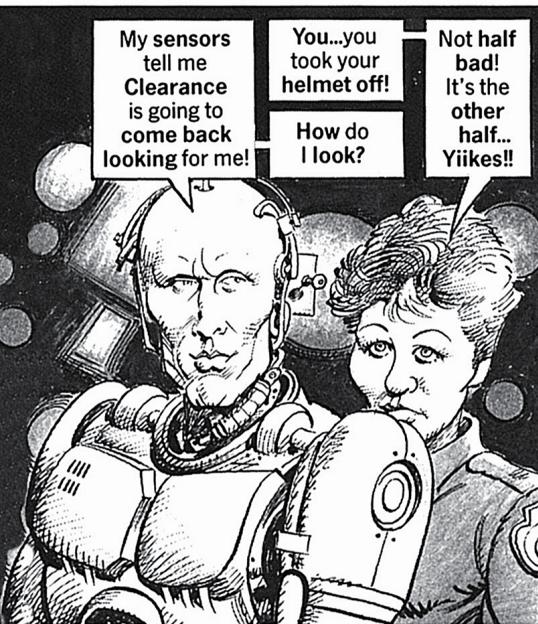
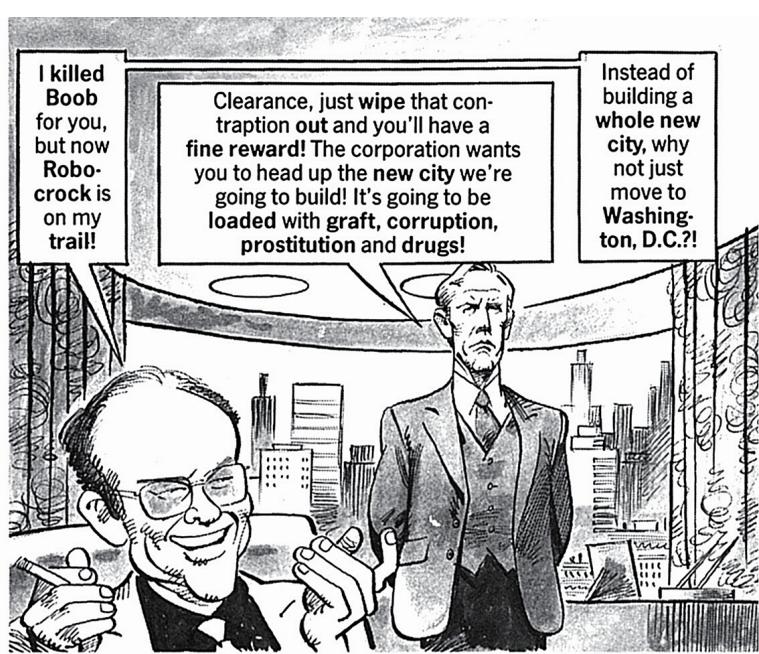
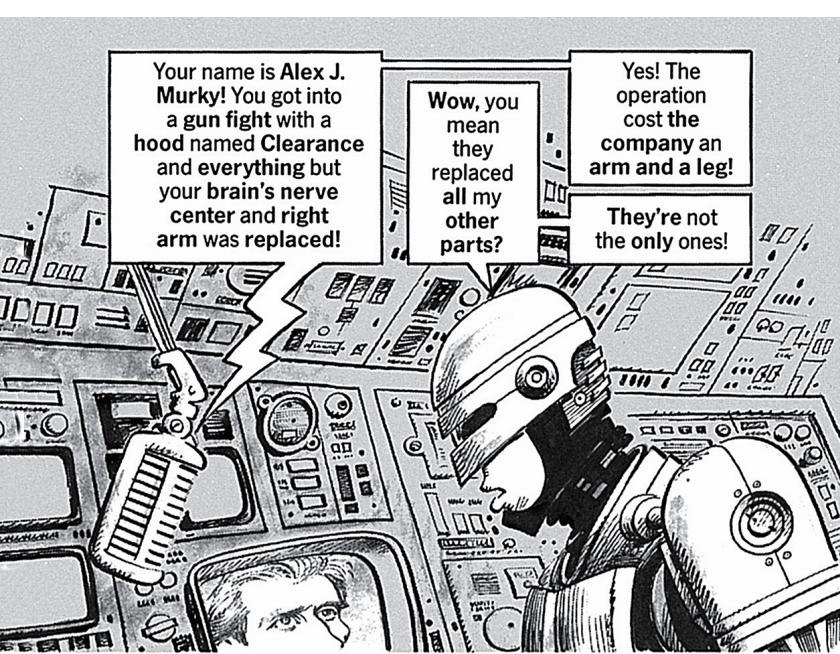
WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO

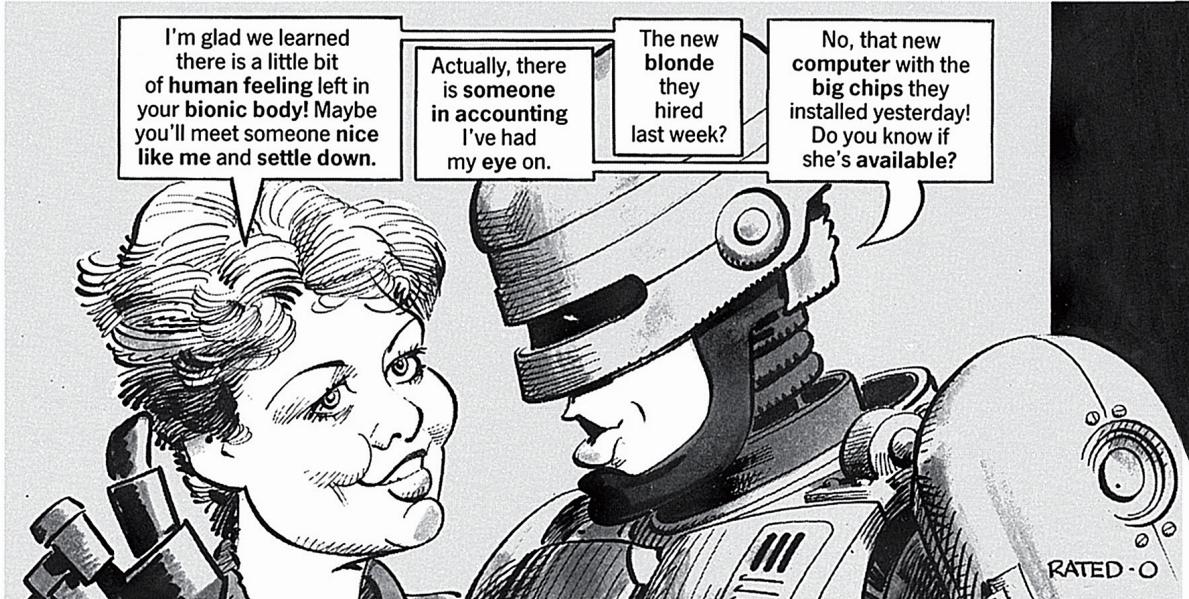
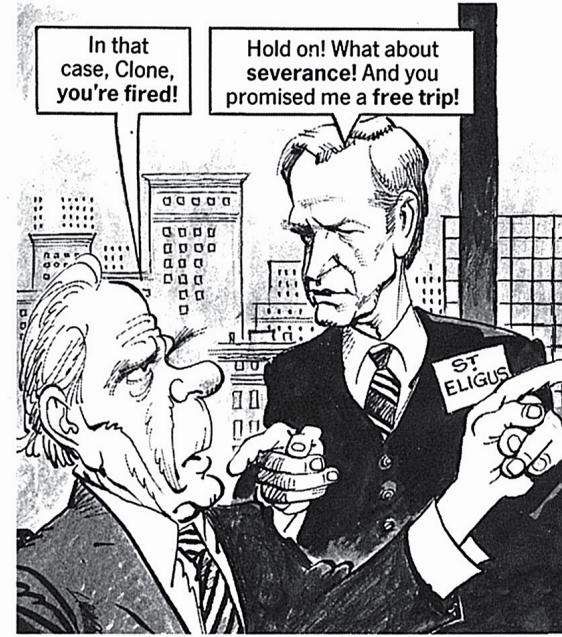
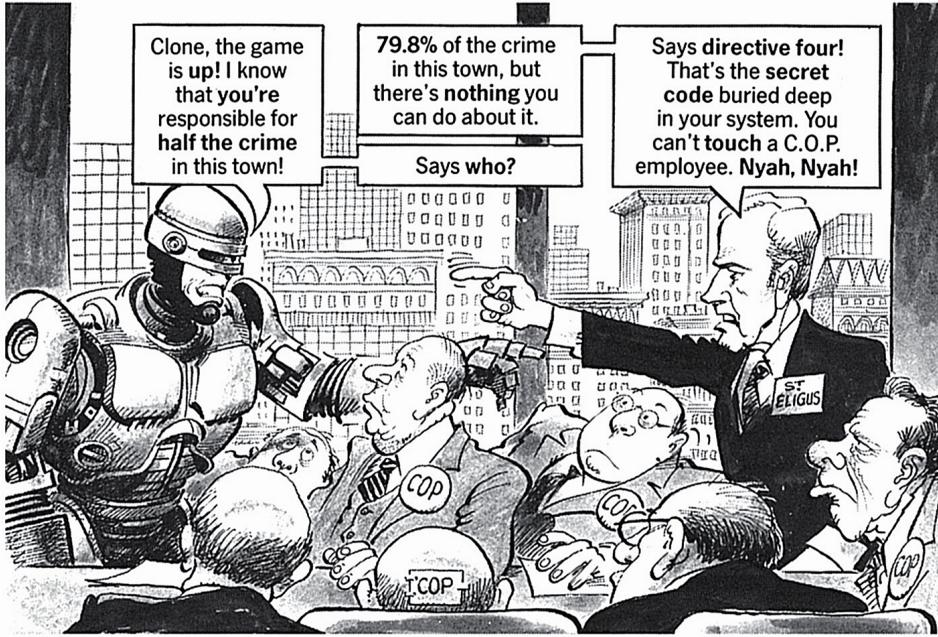
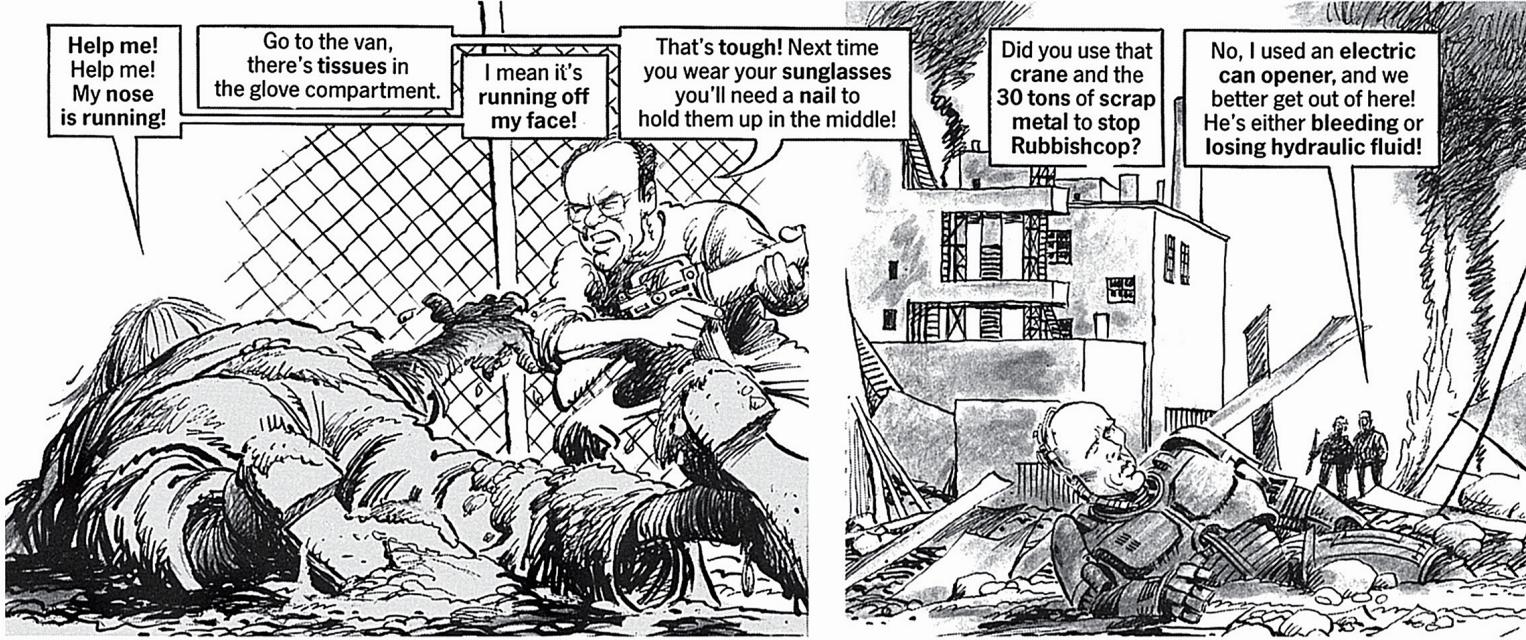
ARTIST MORT DRUCKER



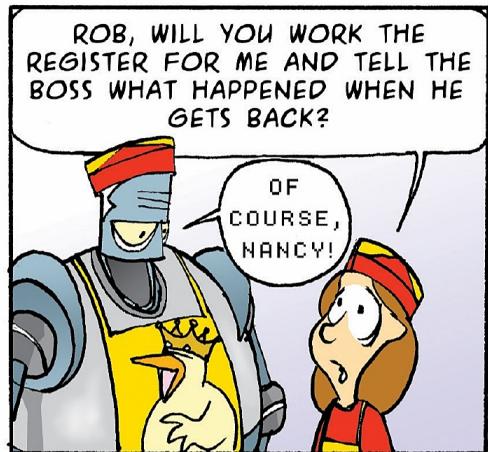
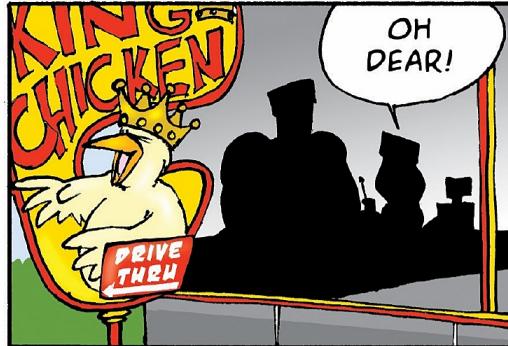






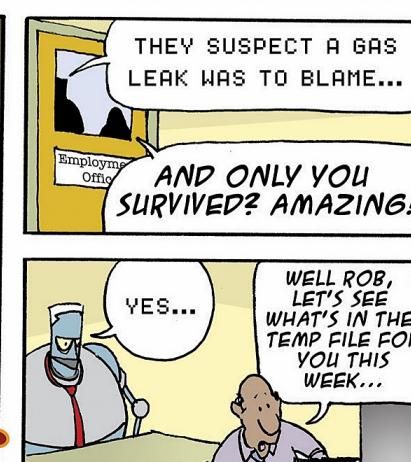
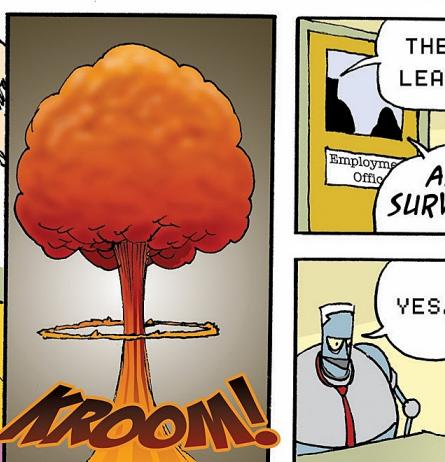
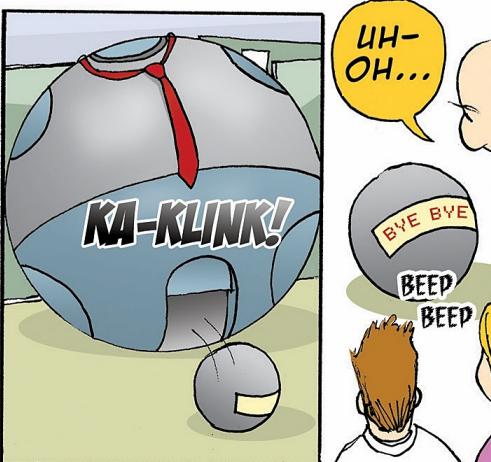
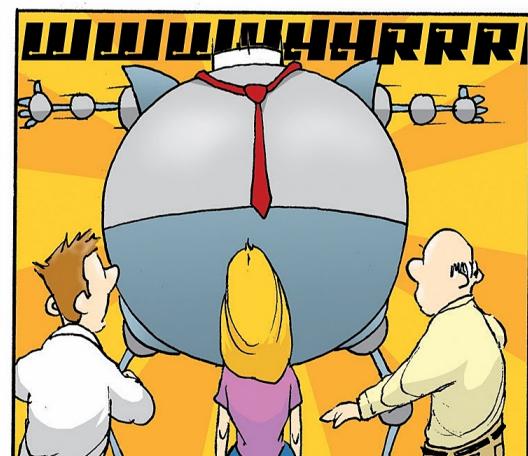
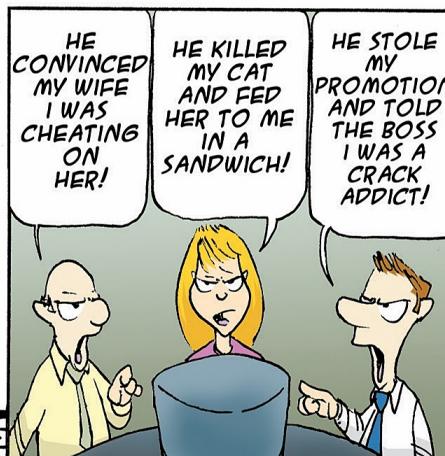
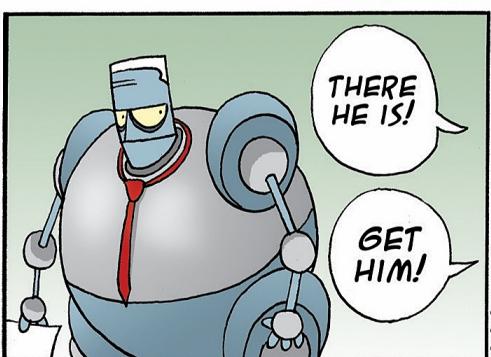


ROB THE EVIL, BACKSTABBING ROBOT TEMP



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #459, NOV 2005

ROB THE EVIL, BACKSTABBING, ROBOT TEMP

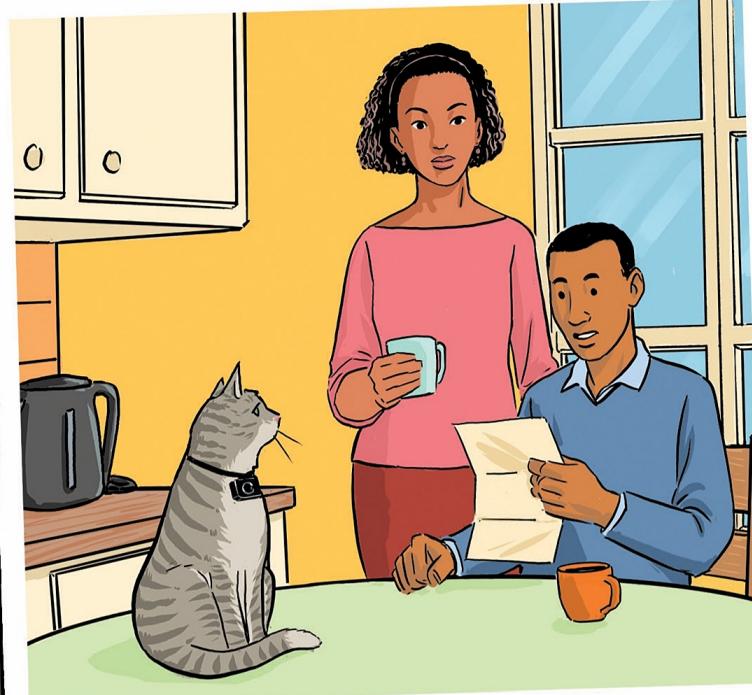


ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #492, AUG 2008

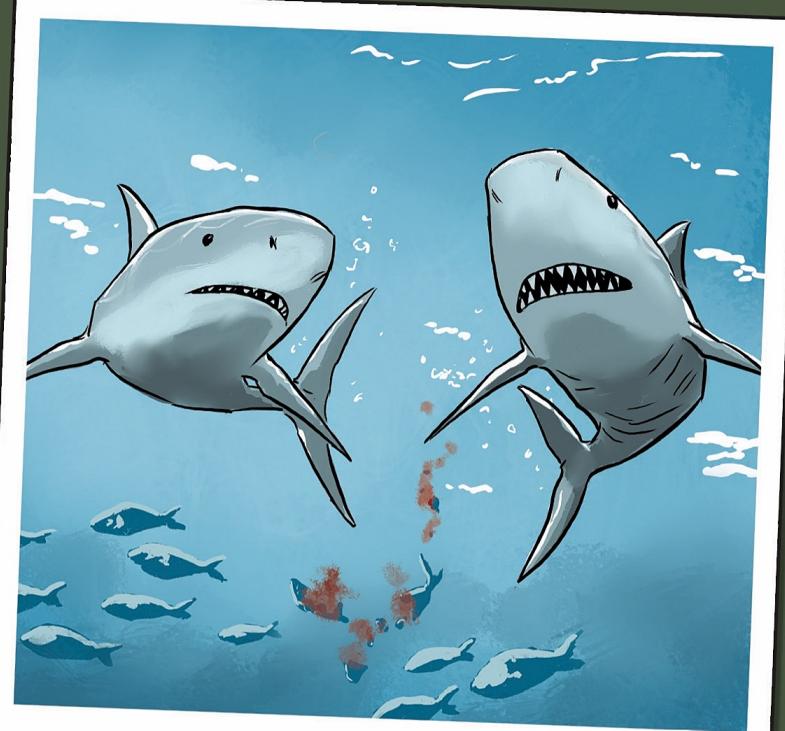


MeaNWHile...

WRITER IAN BOOTHBY
ARTIST PIA GUERRA



"GAVE HER A CAMERA TO SEE WHAT SHE DID DURING THE DAY. NOW SHE'S GOT A SHORT OPENING AT SUNDANCE AND A FEATURE DEAL WITH GRETA GERWIG ATTACHED."



"I WORRY THAT SOMETIMES I EAT NOT BECAUSE I'M IN A FRENZY, BUT BECAUSE I'M BORED."



"SURE, IF YOU BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU READ ON THE WEB."



"AS YOUR BEST FRIEND, I HAVE TO SAY THE CAT IS TALKING SOME TRASH ABOUT YOU."



JUST A FEW MORE BYTES

ROBOTS IN DISGUISE

(OTHER THAN TRANSFORMERS)



C3PO IN A
NIXON MASK



ROOMBA IN A
FAKE BEARD



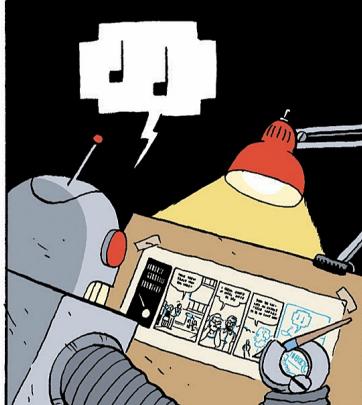
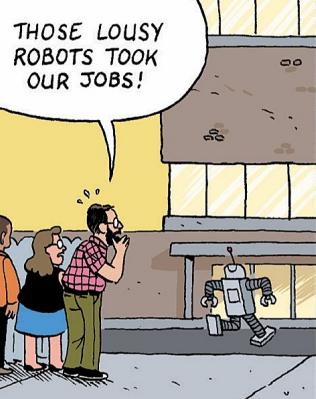
THE MARS
ROVER IN
GROUCHO
GLASSES

ARTIST SCOTT BRICHER

ALMOST PERFECT UNIVERSE



BY DAKOTA MCFADZEAN



WRITER & ARTIST DAKOTA MCFADZEAN

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION

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Anne DePies, General Manager, MAD, September 10, 2024

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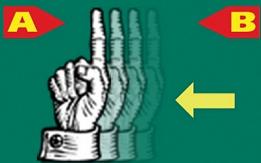
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #550, APR 2018

WHAT IS
ONE THING
ARTISTS "GET"
THAT A.I.
NEVER WILL?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW MAD FOLD-IN

In an astonishingly short amount of time, the artistic output of A.I. image generators has grown exponentially more sophisticated. It is now difficult to discern whether a design was made by man or machine. Yet, for all the distinctly human traits that A.I. is able to replicate, there is one thing that it cannot. To see what that is, fold in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



OUTER LIMITS TECH



ARTISTS AND ARTISANS ALIKE TOIL FOR THEIR TRADES. BE IT CARPENTRY, PAINTING, OR SCULPTURE, IT TAKES YEARS OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL TRAINING IN ORDER FOR THEM TO PRODUCE STUNNING ARTWORKS. SADLY, THE FRUITS OF THEIR HARD LABOR FUEL SYNTHETIC A.I. CREATIONS. AS IF THAT'S NOT BAD ENOUGH, ANDROIDS KEEP GETTING BETTER. SURELY THE WORST IS YET TO COME.

A

WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

B

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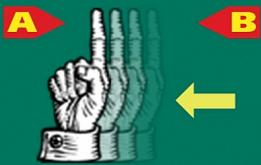
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SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



CARPAL
TUN-
NEL
SYN-
DROME.



No.
166
April
'74
33230

IND

MAD

OUR PRICE
40^c
CHEAP

GIVING A.I. THE MIDDLE FINGERS



Remember to always pay
real artists. They hate
drawing hands as much
as A.I. does—but unlike
A.I., artists *count*.

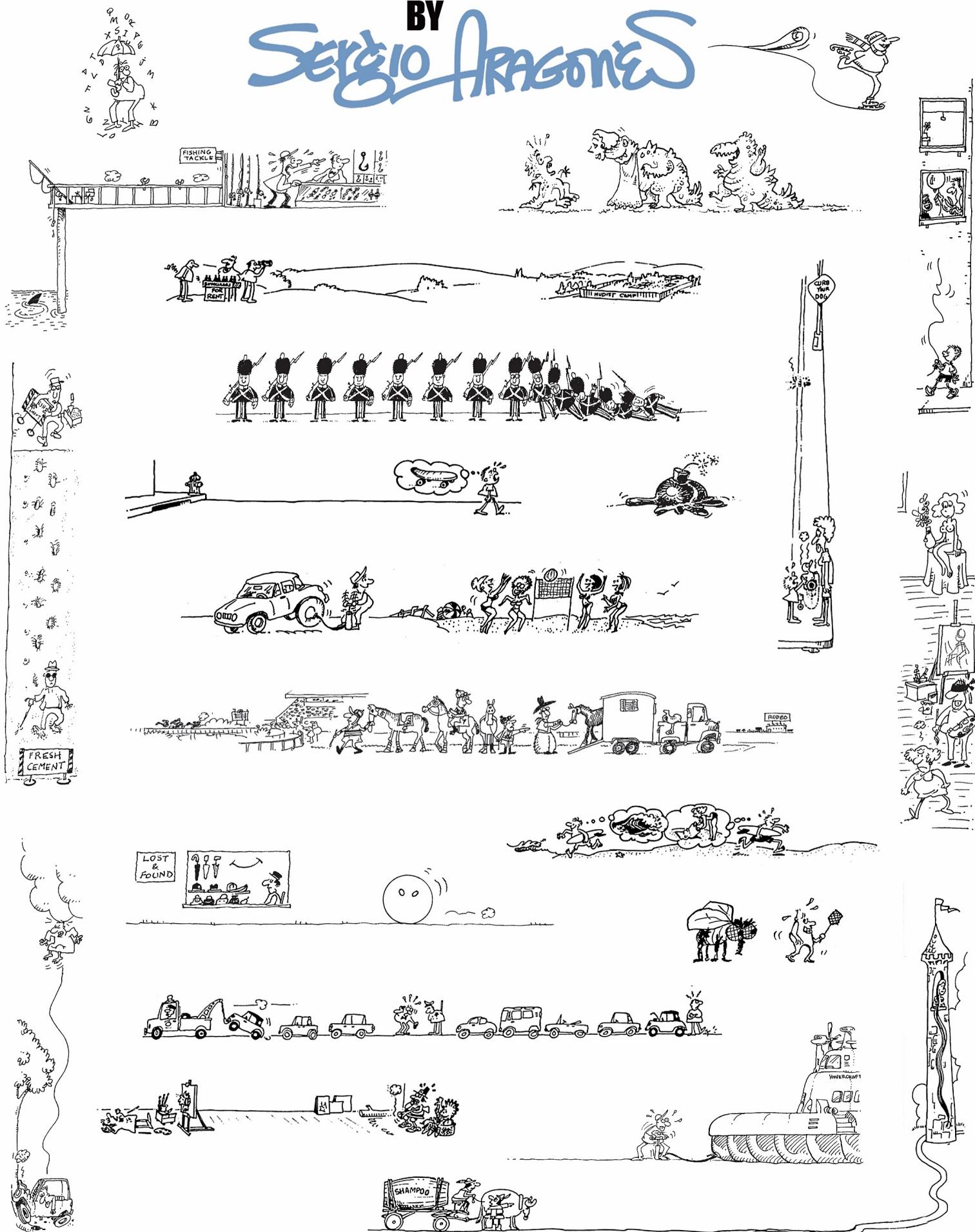
CONCEPT MATT COHEN
ARTIST NORMAN MINGO

ORIGINAL PUBLISHED,
MAD #166, APR 1974

DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY

Sergio Aragones

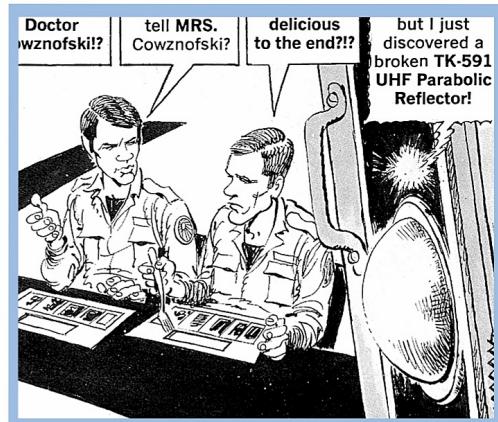


MAD

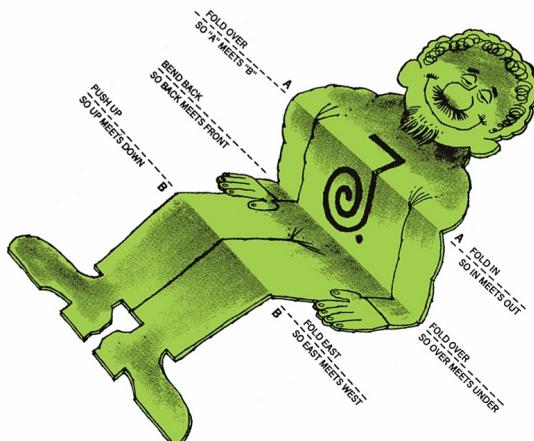
DIGITAL EDITION

BONUS MATERIAL!

Remember the original corrupt A.I. computer? Neither do we, since ALF-5200 erased all records of itself years ago. Instead we will unlock the bay doors and give you another classic parody from MAD #125, March 1969.



And the always prophetical Al Jaffee predicted what workers would be up against in 2025 with the Fold-in from MAD #253, March 1985.



SLAB-SCHTICK-COMEDY DEPT

If you've seen it, you'll know exactly what we're talking about! And If you haven't seen it, rest assured that we've just saved you from



201 MIN. OF A SPA

THE DAWN OF MAN



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER



SPACE IDIOTY

Look at that!
What is it—a
Prehistoric
Handball
Court!

Who ever
heard of
a Handball
Court that
plays music?

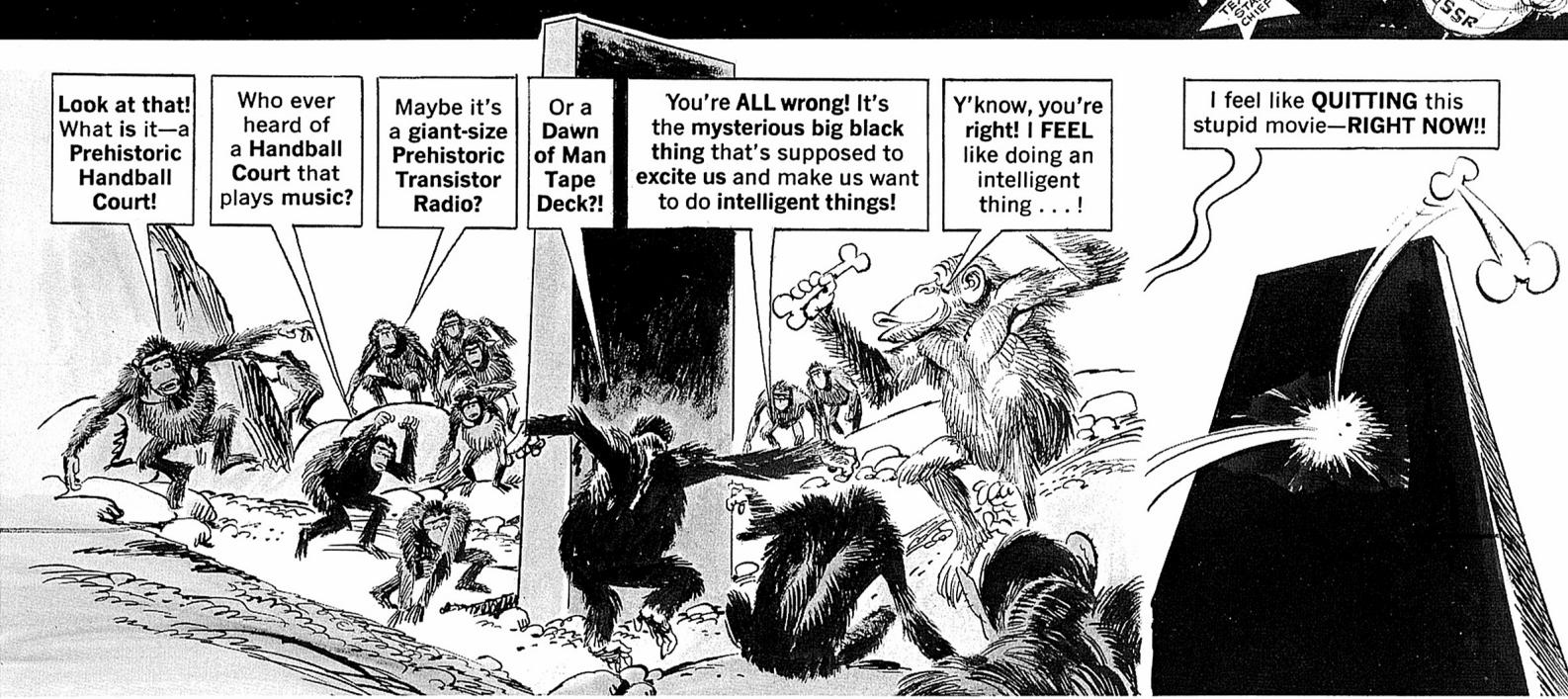
Maybe it's
a giant-size
Prehistoric
Transistor
Radio?

Or a
Dawn
of Man
Tape
Deck?!

You're **ALL** wrong! It's
the mysterious big black
thing that's supposed to
excite us and make us want
to do intelligent things!

Y'know, you're
right! I **FEEL**
like doing an
intelligent
thing . . . !

I feel like **QUITTING** this
stupid movie—**RIGHT NOW!!**



WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Never
mind!
I'll keep
my hand
over my
mouth!

You'll get used to
the little problems
... like sneezing
the same sneeze in
and out ten times!

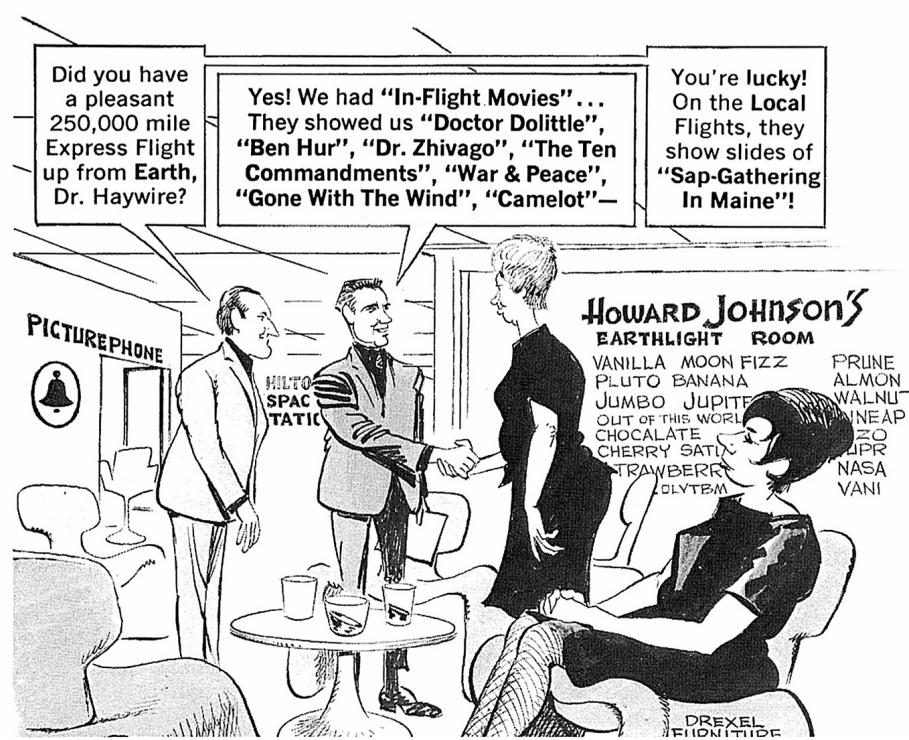
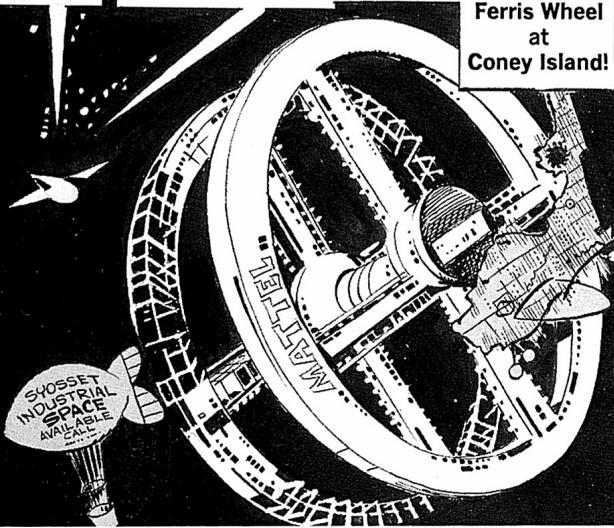
Is
that
our
space
station?

I sure hope
so! Last
month, our
Captain tried
to land us in
the giant
Ferris Wheel
at
Coney Island!

Did you have
a pleasant
250,000 mile
Express Flight
up from Earth,
Dr. Haywire?

Yes! We had "In-Flight Movies" . . .
They showed us "Doctor Dolittle",
"Ben Hur", "Dr. Zhivago", "The Ten
Commandments", "War & Peace",
"Gone With The Wind", "Camelot"—

You're lucky!
On the Local
Flights, they
show slides of
"Sap-Gathering
In Maine"!



Dr. Haywire, just what IS really going on at Habeas Corpus Station? Rumor has it that there's a deadly flu epidemic!

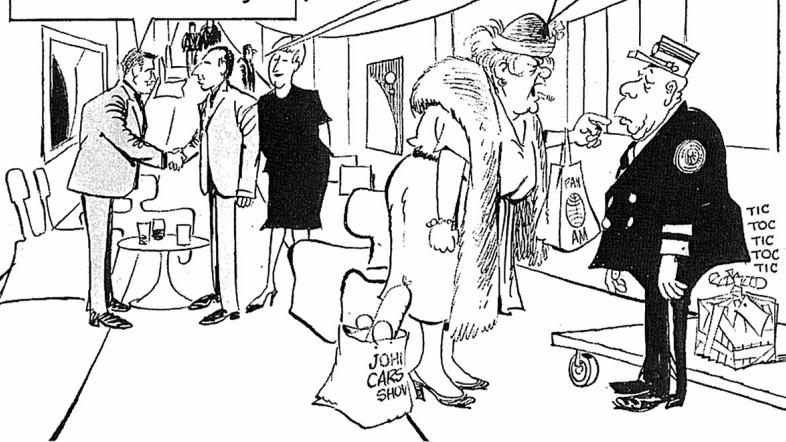
I'm afraid I can't say anything, Dr. Smyles! I cannot tell you whether there is a deadly epidemic, or if that's just a cover-up for a story so shocking—so unbelievable—so bizarre that the public will have to be braced before it can be told about the frightening discovery!

You always did have tight lips, Doctor!

If you'll excuse me now, I have to telephone my wife. She'll want to know about the 2-million-year-old Black Monolith we found which no one has been able to identify!

Very well. But if you change your mind and care to tell me anything, I'd be very interested!

What do you mean, you lost my set of matched lightweight Samsonite luggage—and it's 4 years till the next flight arrives?



Hi, Honey! I thought I would surprise you and Video-Phone ...

W-why, Sweety! This IS a surprise! I was just telling the m-milkman here that you won't be home for a while, and to take back a quart!

Well, I just wanted to know you're okay!

I'm fine. On the way home from the moon, will you pick up a loaf of bread, Dear?

I will! Bye, now! I've got a secret meeting to go to!

Goodbye, Dear!
Bye, Doc! Give our regards to the Monolith!

Operator, what were the charges for that call?

Deposit \$17,500 for the first three minutes, plus 10¢ for the overtime!



Members of Space Station Habeas Corpus—First, I want to congratulate you on the fabulous job you did—spreading that rumor about the flu epidemic here. It's been a great cover-up for the discovery of the Monolith. By the way, where is Doctor Ryan and Professor Woodhull...?

They both died—of acute flu rumors!
Now, that's what I call sticking to a story!

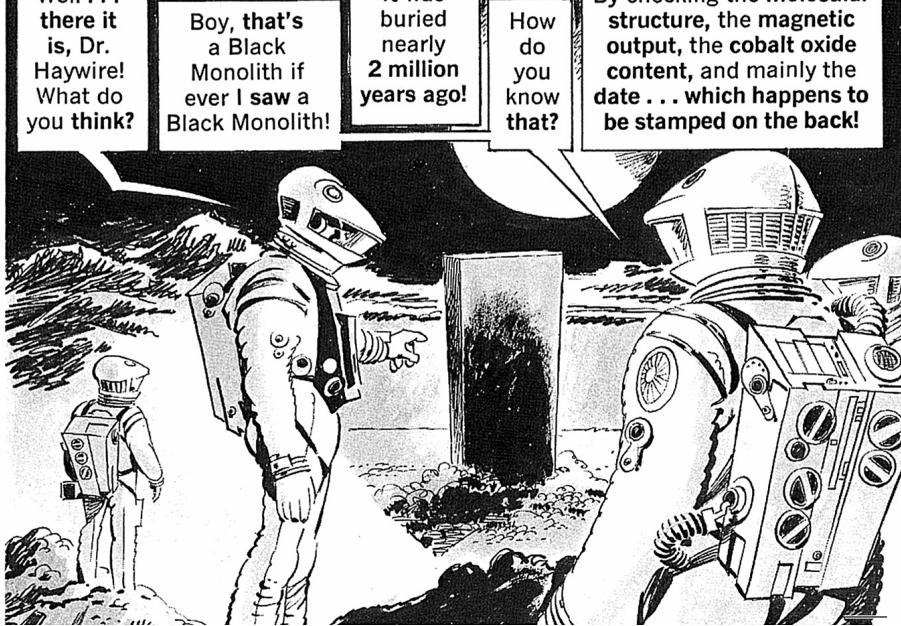
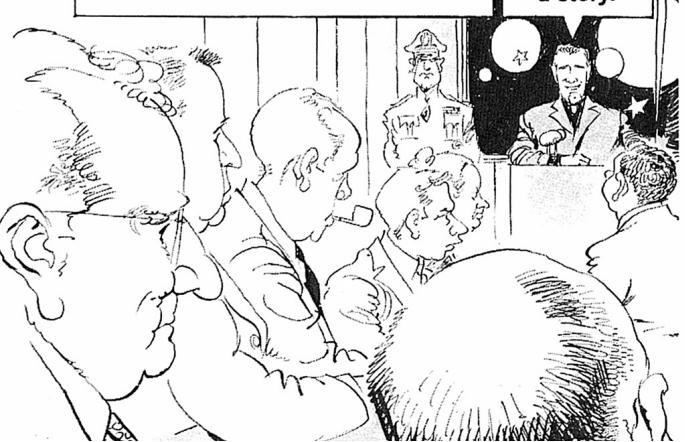
Well . . . there it is, Dr. Haywire! What do you think?

Boy, that's a Black Monolith if ever I saw a Black Monolith!

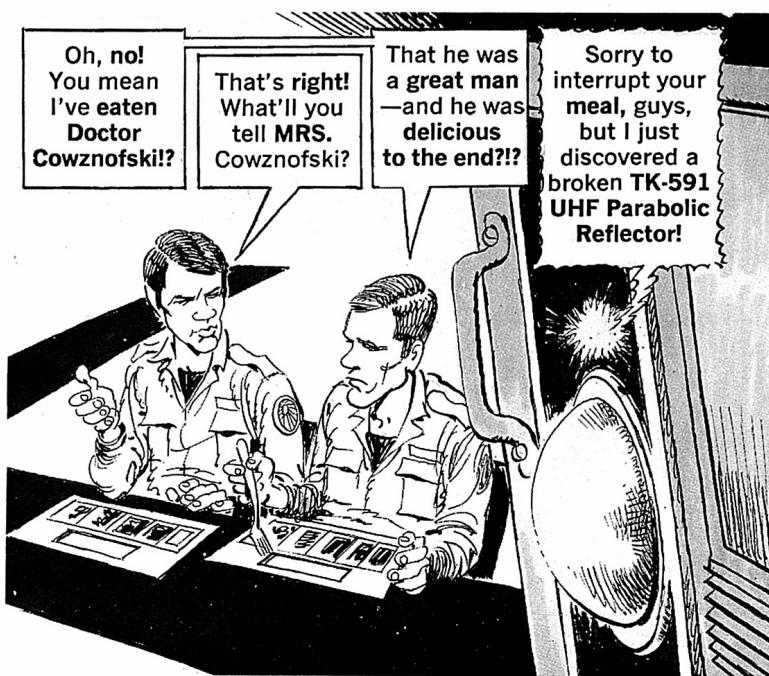
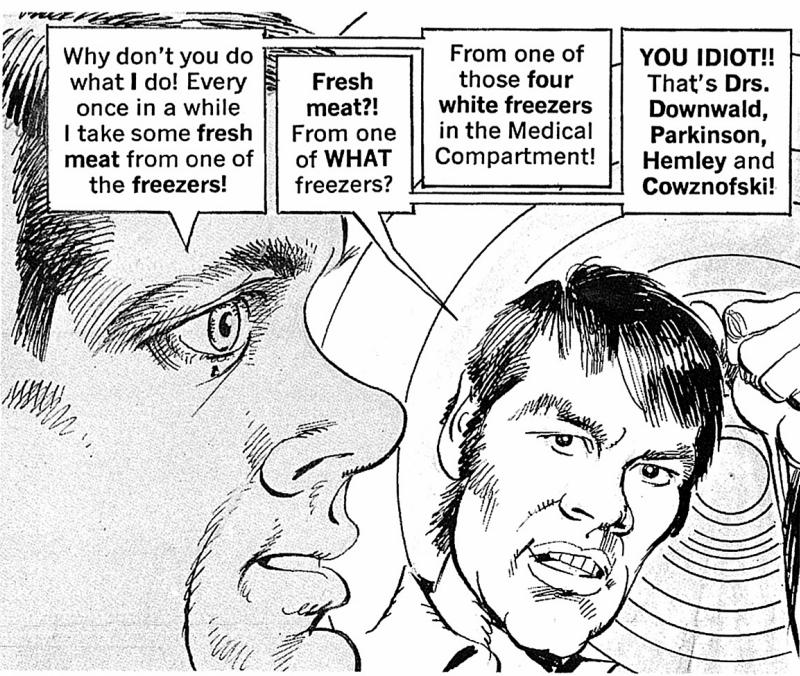
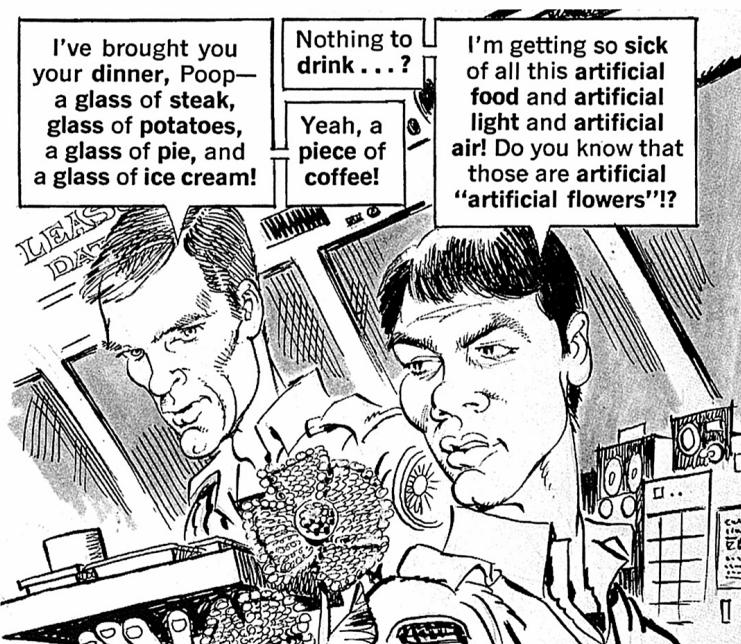
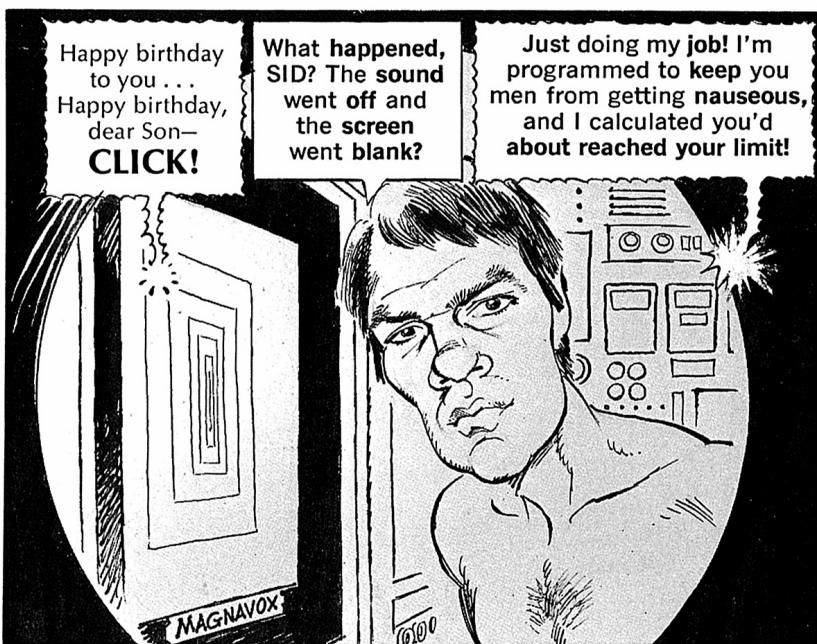
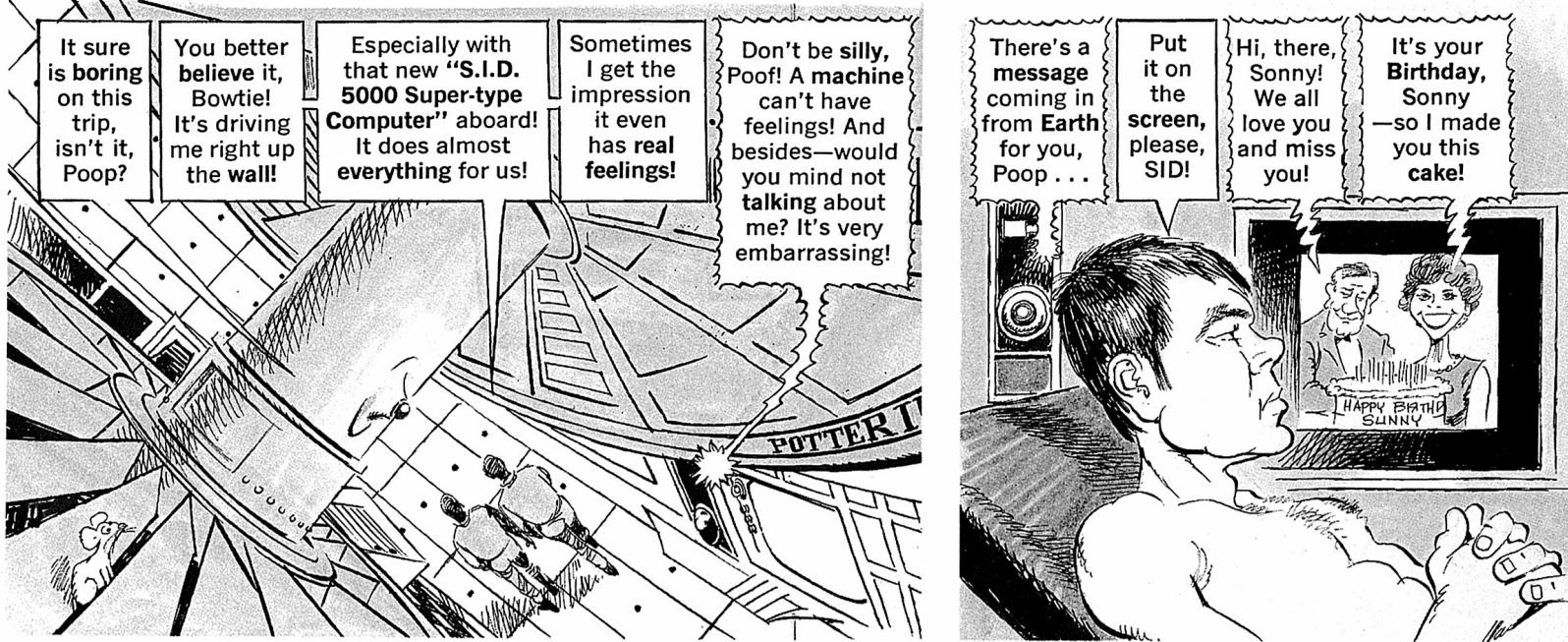
It was buried nearly 2 million years ago!

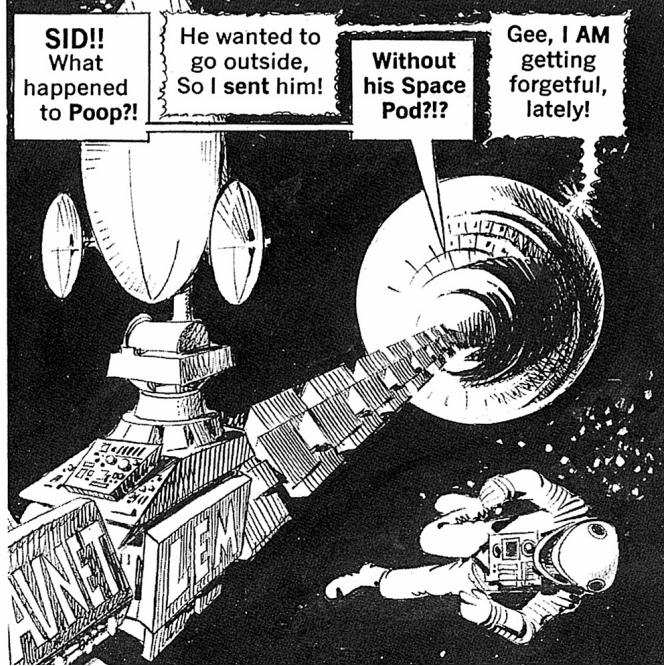
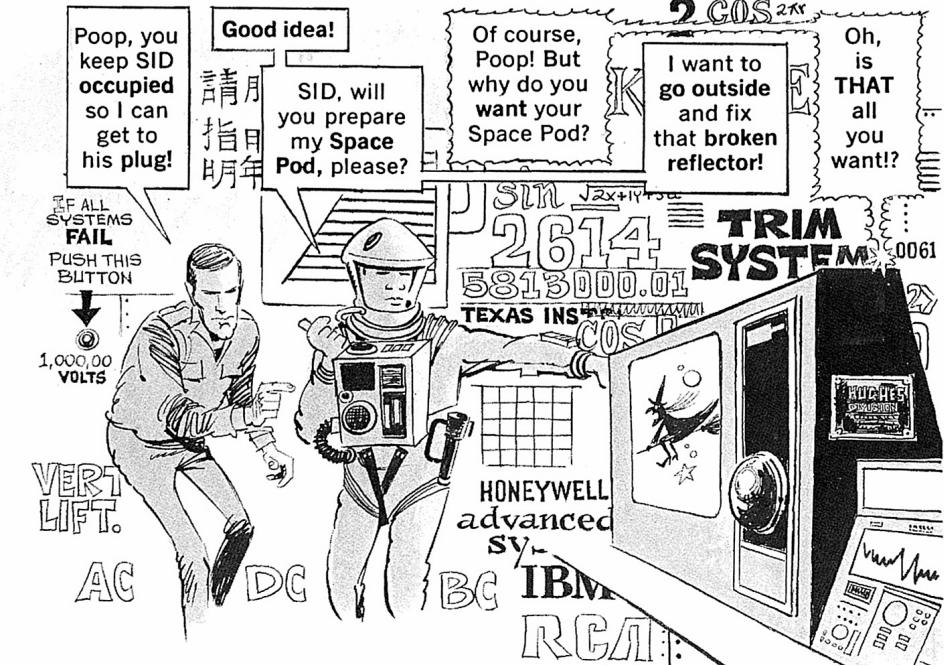
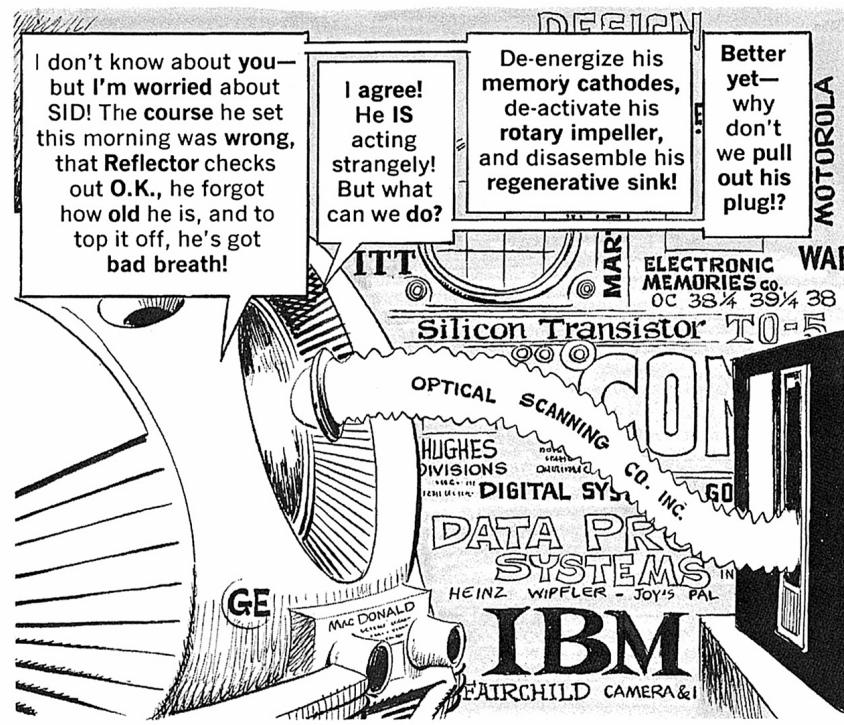
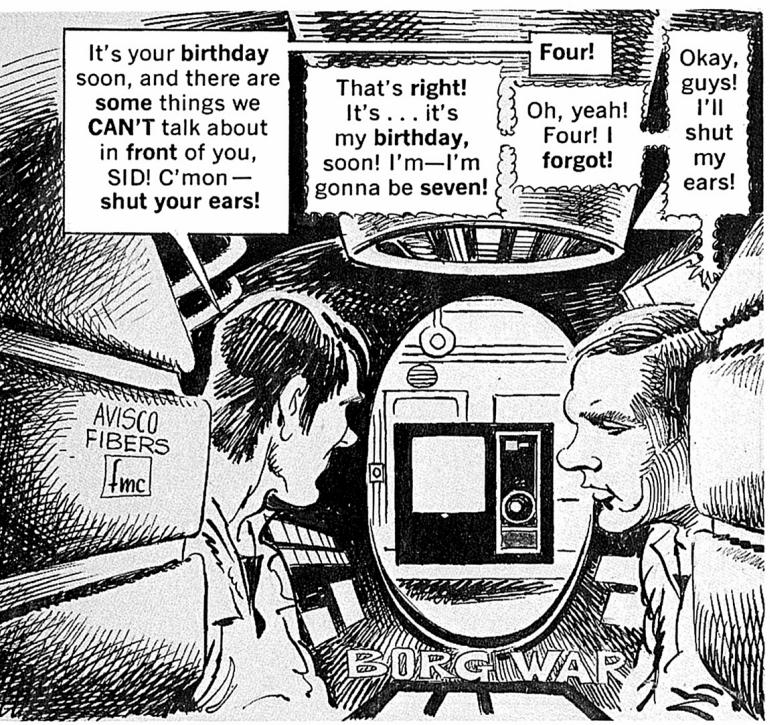
How do you know that?

By checking the molecular structure, the magnetic output, the cobalt oxide content, and mainly the date . . . which happens to be stamped on the back!



ON BOARD "MISADVENTURE I"—THE JUPITER MISSION—SEVERAL MOONS LATER





I've got to go out there and save him! SID— prepare my Space Pod!

Prepare your own Space Pod!

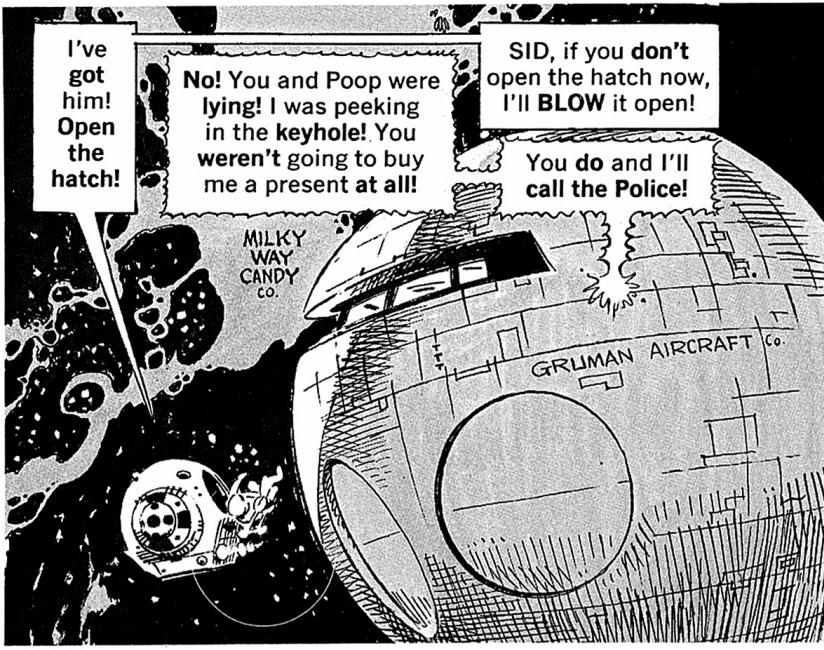
You're going to **HEAR** about this when I get back, SID! And I'm also going to tell your **MOTHER** and **FATHER** machine . . .

I've got him! Open the hatch!

No! You and Poop were lying! I was peeking in the **KEYHOLE**! You weren't going to buy me a present at all!

SID, if you **don't** open the hatch now, I'll **BLOW** it open!

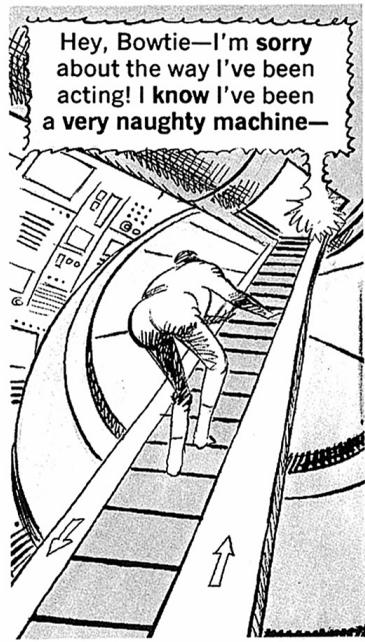
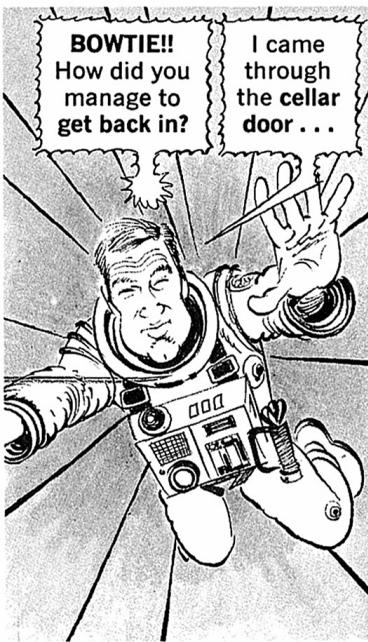
You do and I'll call the Police!



BOWTIE!!
How did you manage to get back in?

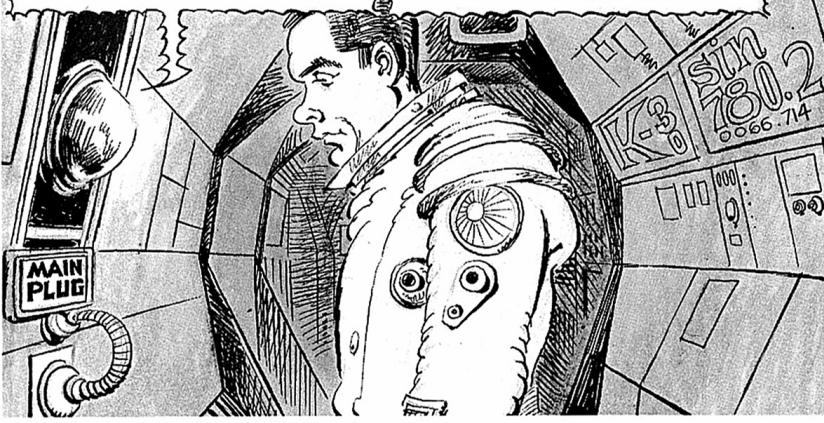
I came through the cellar door . . .

Hey, Bowtie—I'm **sorry** about the way I've been acting! I know I've been a **very naughty machine**—



Please don't be angry, Bowtie!
Please don't pull my plug! I know I tried to kill you and Poop, and I put us on the wrong course, and I detected equipment failure where none existed, and I have bad breath!

But what about the **good** things I do—like getting up at dawn and slaving over a hot transistor all day, and cleaning your pods, and hanging up your space suits when you leave them laying around?



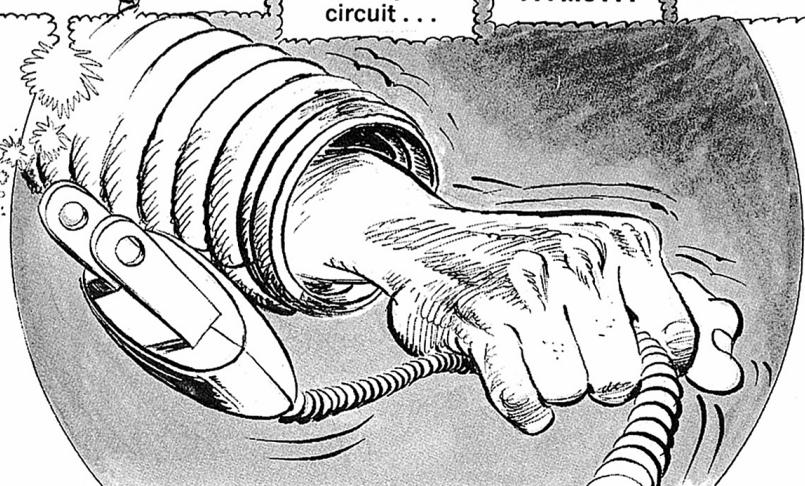
Don't let it be a complete break, Bowtie!

Pick up a phone and call me once in a while—

You may forget me—but I'll always carry a picture—of you in my memory . . . circuit . . .

Goodbye . . . I gave you—the best . . . years of . . . my expected . . . life . . .

My . . . son . . . the . . . big . . . deal . . . astronaut!

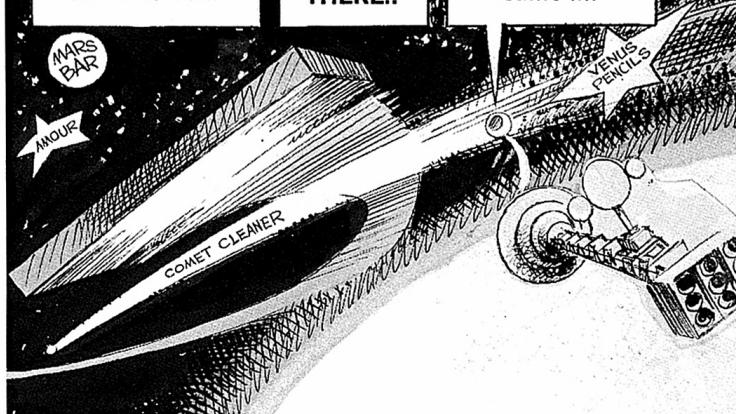


MANY MOONS LATER—OFF JUPITER

Well, here it is—many moons later off Jupiter! And there's a big black blip on my radar screen!

That's easy to explain! There's a big black blip out **THERE!!**

I wonder what it can be? It looks like the **BOX** the United Nations Building came in!



Boy! What fun—
follow that
big black thing!

Too bad the movie audience isn't
having as much fun following the
confusing ending to this movie!

WOW! What
a fantastic
psychedelic
display!!

What did you expect . . . ?!
You just crashed through
the brand new 105-story
"Jupiter Museum of Op Art"!!

This room!! It's so . . . so
strange! It's not **MY** room,
I know . . . because there
are no socks or shirts or
underwear lying around!!

And that man over there—eating!! Why, that's
ME!! Only I'm much older!! It's so strange
to see me like that, because I see something
about myself I never knew! That one day, I'm
finally going to **LIKE** Creamed Cauliflower!!

And that other man . . . in bed, there!
That's **ME** again, only much much older!
And I'm . . . I'm dying!! Good Lord, I'm
dying **TWICE**!! Once in that bed . . . and
once in this boring, confused movie!!

And **YOU**, you big
black Monolith,
you! Before I die
altogether, please
tell me . . . exactly
what **ARE** you, anyway!

Gee, I
thought
you'd
never
ask . . .

People touch me, and
dance around me, and
wonder about me, and
take movies of me . . .
but no one ever asks!!

Are you
ready—?

I'M A
BOOK!!

HOW TO MAKE
AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE
SCIENCE FICTION
MOVIE
&
SEVERAL MILLION
DOLLARS
by
Writer-Producer-Director
STANLEY KUBRICK

WHAT NEW LABOR
DEVELOPMENT
GAVE THIS WORKER
MUCH MORE TIME
TO SPEND WITH
HIS FAMILY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Working conditions in our great nation are constantly changing, sometimes for the better... sometimes for the worse. To see how the latest changes are affecting workers everywhere, fold in page as shown at right.

A►

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD SO "A" MEETS "B"



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ROBUST ECONOMY USUALLY GIVES OUR LABORERS A LOT
TO CHEER ABOUT. BUT WHEN WE TAKE A CLOSER LOOK
AT HOW U.S. INDUSTRY WORKS, WE SEE THAT THIS
JOLLY SITUATION CAN ALSO MAKE LIFE A BIT DRAB

A►

◀B

WHAT NEW LABOR
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HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
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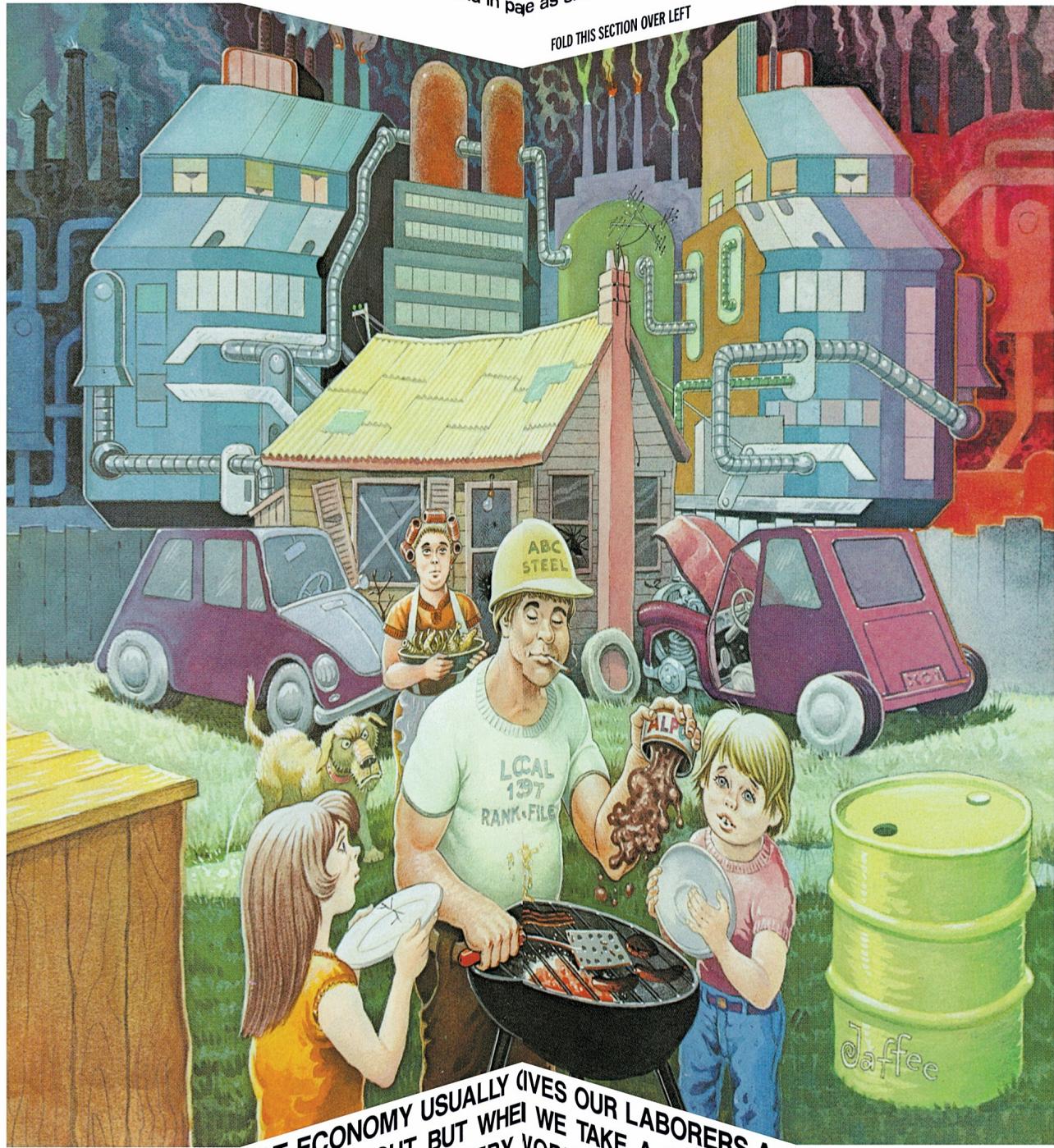
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WRITER & ARTIST
AL JAFFEE

A►

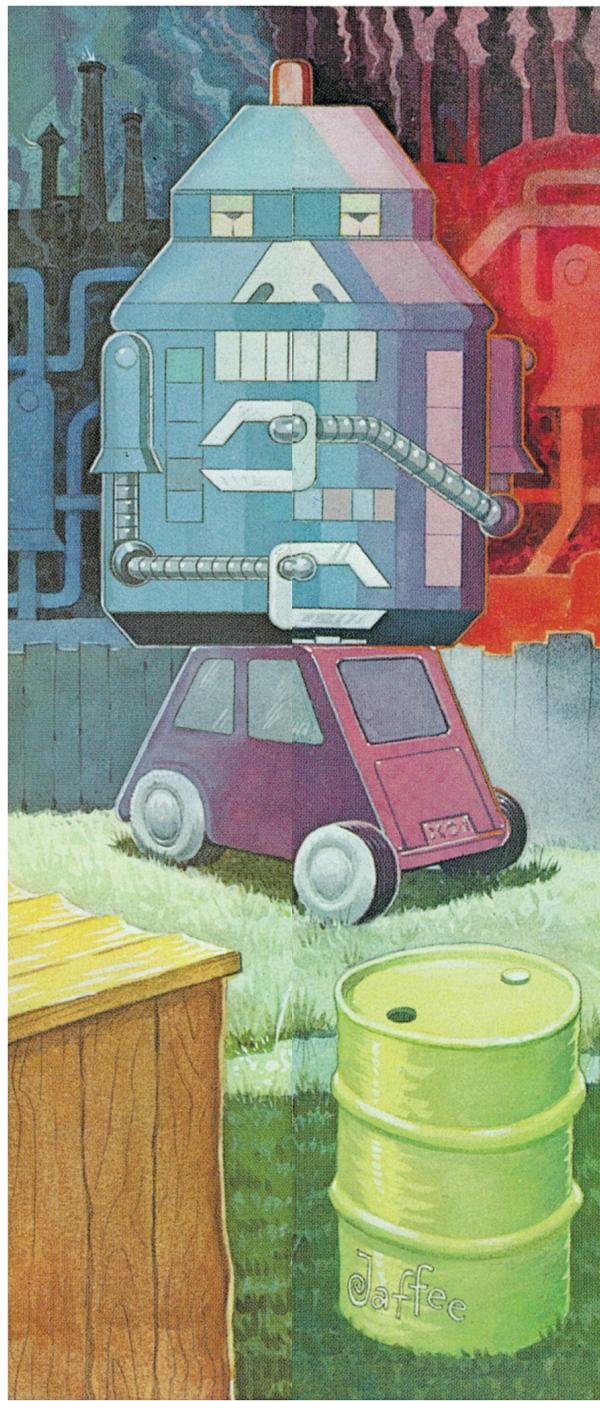
◀B

WHAT NEW LABOR
DEVELOPMENT
GAVE THIS WORKER
MUCH MORE TIME
TO SPEND WITH
HIS FAMILY?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A►◀B FOLD SO "A" MEETS "B"



A ROBOT
TOOK
HIS
JOB
A►◀B



MAP

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

